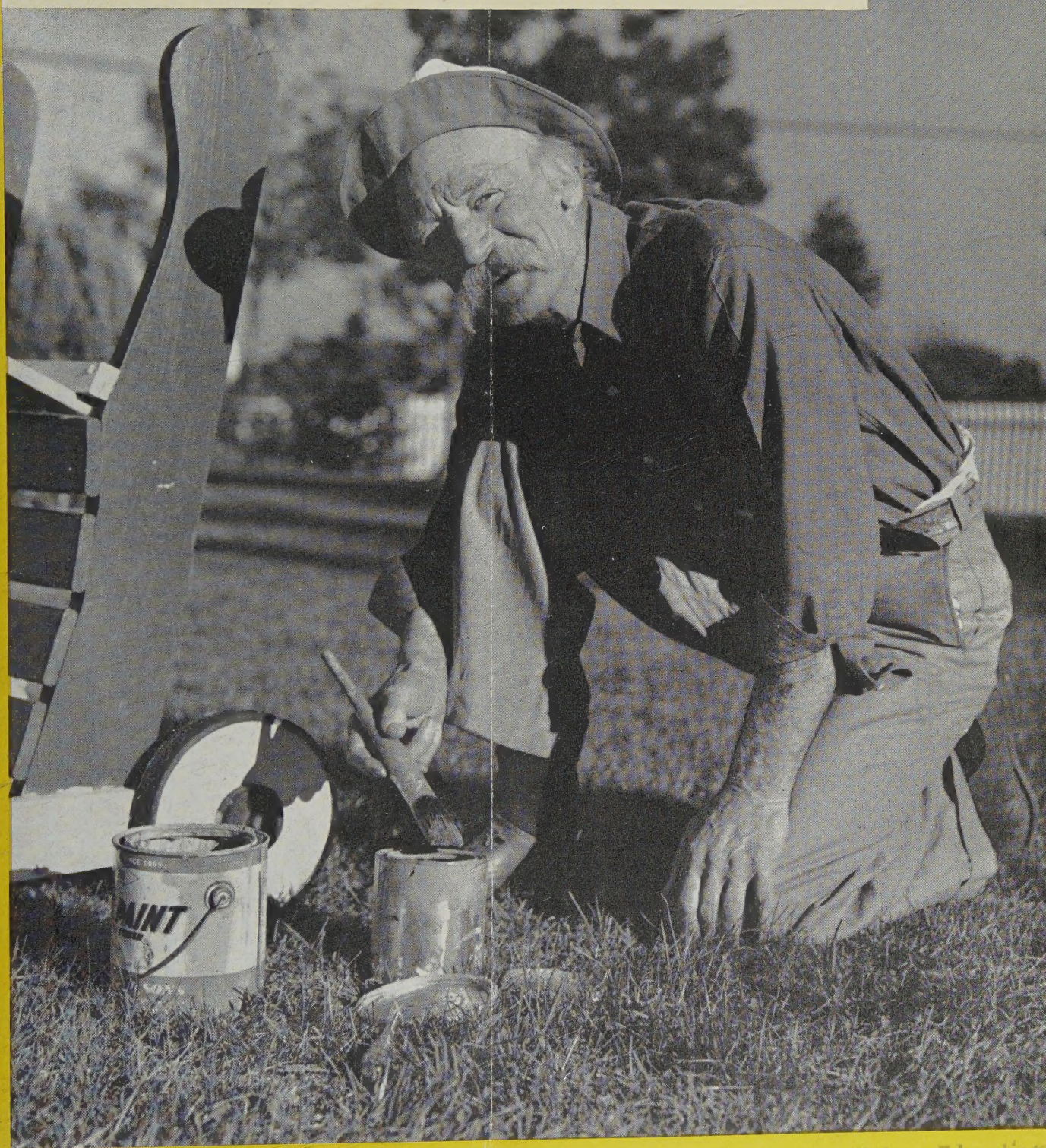


The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone



- **How Large Is Your Child's World?**—*Hazel A. Lewis*
- **Healing Family Disturbances**—*Gene E. Bartlett*

Religious Education

EXHIBIT

Pacific School of Religion

August 1950

The *Hearthstone* Magazine for the Christian Home

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

MARY ANNA WHITE, *Assistant Editor*

Contents

ARTICLES

	PAGE
How Large Is Your Child's World? by Hazel A. Lewis	2
Healing Family Disturbances by Gene E. Bartlett	4
Let Not the Dream Die by Ann Seeley	9
How Not to Be Lonesome by William Earl Waldrop	11
I'm Glad We Did That! by Robert H. Eads	14
Consider Our Chronically Ill by Sigmund Neuman	20
Vacationer's Wonderland by Hazel Cochran	22
Toys That Maim and Kill by Billee Eckert Martin	24

FICTION

New Shoes and Grins by Dorothy Mollberg Lundell	7
Transition by Jean Keith Gaines	12
A Story for Children	18
A Day On the Farm by Doris Clore Demaree	

FEATURES

A Word from The Word	1
Biblegram by Hilda E. Allen	6
Worship in the Family with Young Children	16
Books for the Hearth Side	27
Family Counselors	28
The Spinning Wheel by Ann I. Tatman	29

Published Jointly Each Month By

The American Baptist Publication Society

Luther Wesley Smith, *Executive Secretary*
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Christian Board of Publication

C. D. Pantle, *General Manager*
2700 Pine Boulevard, St. Louis 3, Mo.

Vol. 2

No. 8

Editorial Committee

Benjamin P. Browne, *Director Christian Publications*
Marion Brawn, *Children's Editor*
Elizabeth Tibbals, *Assistant Children's Editor*
Lawrence Fitzgerald, *Youth Editor*
Ann Tatman, *Audio-visual Editor*
John C. Slemp, *Uniform Lesson Editor*
Miles W. Smith, *Adult Editor*
Joseph J. Hanson, *Director Family Life*

Glenn McRae, *Editor-in-Chief*
Hazel A. Lewis, *Children's Editor*
Jessie B. Carlson, *Associate Children's Editor*
Frances Woolery, *Intermediate Editor*
Ray L. Henthorne, *Youth Editor*
E. Lee Neal, *Adult and Family Life Editor*
J. D. Montgomery, *Director Family Life*

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.
All books and printed matter referred to in *Hearthstone* may be ordered from either publishing house.

Quotations from the Old Testament are from the American Standard Revised Version of the Bible and New Testament quotations are from the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament, both copyrighted by the International Council of Religious Education and used by permission.

Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscription, \$2.50 per year.

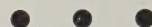
Copyright 1950 by L. W. Smith and C. D. Pantle

Printed in U. S. A.



Fireside Chat . . .

"Who are they?" some of you have asked, so we'd like to introduce some of the folks who have written *Hearthstone* articles this month.



Doris Clore Demaree, whose name you have often seen, is back with us to tell a story for the children. Mrs. Demaree is a mother, for many years a teacher in the church school of her rural community, and a writer for religious publications. She is a member of the Curriculum Committee of the International Council and is active as a laboratory school and leadership training school teacher. Her story this month is on page 18.



As pastor of the First Baptist Church in Evanston, Illinois, Gene E. Bartlett speaks out of experience for his article, "Healing Family Disturbances" (page 4). Seeking to establish a basis for family reconciliations, he brings forth truths no family can afford to miss.



A lady who daily contacts quite a different type of problem in our society, Billee Eckert Martin has written for *Hearthstone* before. Her occupation is with the Missouri State Humane Society, for which she edits a bulletin. She sees many areas for concern such as this month's article, "Toys that Maim and Kill" (page 24).



The importance of helping young people carry over their summer conference experience into daily living is the message Ann Seeley brings on page 9. Mrs. Seeley is the wife of Kenneth B. Seeley, minister of the Park Street Christian Church, Kalamazoo, Michigan.



A Word from

The Word

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God.
Who covereth the heavens with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the moun-
tains.

He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.
He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:
He taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man.
The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear
him,

In those that hope in his lovingkindness.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;

Praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy
gates;

He hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders;

He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

Psalm 147: 7-14

—Eva Luoma.

How Large Is

Your Child's World?

By Hazel A. Lewis

SOMEONE has said "A child's world is that of which he is aware." Nothing is part of his world if he doesn't know about it. But how that world grows from day to day! Even from hour to hour. There is no more refreshing experience than to see commonplace things through the eyes of a child who is seeing them for the first time and few things more devastating than seeing people through the eyes of children.

A child's growing awareness of things is even less exciting than his growing world of persons. This world usually grows through family and neighborhood contacts. But these should never be thought of as narrow because they are near by. There is a time in a child's life when a visit to a home across the street and playing with a new child friend is more of an adventure than an airplane trip to the Orient will be when he is thirty. The way he feels about the child across the street and the way he shares his toys will have a definite effect upon his attitude toward the people of the Orient—and next door—when he is older. In the world of rapid communication there is scarcely any line that can be drawn between "here" and "there."

How many people does your child know? What types of children does he know in his neighborhood? If he is in a Nursery School or Nursery Class at church, which of the children does he seem to

"know" and so to have taken into his world? Has he had contact with children of another race? Does he seem to be repelled by these differences, or attracted by them, or just unaware of them? Whom among adults does he seem to like especially? Sometimes it is said, "He takes to—" certain person. What we really mean is that he has taken them over into his world of people. The choices which even young children make are often amazing. And like all choices, they reveal something of the child himself. Does he like persons who will do what he tells them to do? Does he exploit people, that is, use them for his own ends? It is an attitude that causes wars when it becomes an international situation.

THE three-year-old in the Nursery Class at church school has an opportunity for enlarging his world. The teacher and helpers, the minister, other adult friends and children his own age, all enter his world. If the caretaker at the church is a person of another race or economic level it may be his first contact of this kind. Does he think of this person as a servant or a friend? This attitude is of far greater importance than it may seem at the time.

Three-year-old Tommy talked a great deal at home about someone at church whom he called "My friend William." It seemed a grown-up name for a child, and the mother inquired at the church about this very special friend of her child. She found he was the Negro janitor, much loved by all the children. The teachers held him in high regard and treated him with respect. Tommy's mother said to him, "William is a fine friend of all the children, isn't he?" Tommy said, "Oh, yes, he's one of my best friends. He held me up to get a drink and he helped me the day I spilled the blocks. I'm making him a Christmas present. Of course Dr. Wilson is a nice friend too, but he doesn't come so often." Dr. Wilson was the minister!

Tommy's mother remembered some of the stories in the folder of leaflets¹ the Nursery Class teacher had sent to her, the one about visitors, another about sharing toys, and one about grown-up friends. These experiences at church and at home, tied together in simple stories and songs, are one way of expanding a little child's world.

¹Home Guidance in Religion, Leaflets Nos. 38, 39, 40.

It is a good thing to plan for guests in the home who will extend the borders of a child's world. The conversation of adults about world-wide interests is effective education. A missionary or other world traveler brings to young ears and eyes glimpses of worthwhile and interesting people and places. Of course, a little child has no idea of distance, but that doesn't matter. A four-year-old heard the conversation of his father and a sales representative of his company talking about business opportunities in South Africa. Some of the phrases caught the child's ear, and he asked "Is Africa farther than when we went to Aunt Helen's?" That had been his longest trip. It was a hundred miles away. No one laughed and the father said, "Yes it is, son, much farther and even more interesting."

PEOPLE and animals in picture books are real to little children, too. Few children do not know Peter Rabbit, though they may never have met a rabbit in real life. This ability to clothe picture and story people with reality opens a door of opportunity for many rich contacts.

In a certain church kindergarten there were the familiar little books: *Esu, Mitsu, Kembo, The Three Camels*. Kembo was a special favorite. The little African girl and her doll became very real to the children. Janet asked as she was leaving one Sunday "Please may I take Kembo home?" During the week the teacher asked the mother if Janet was enjoying the book. The mother laughed and said, "Well really, Kembo isn't a book. She's a little girl. Janet brings her to the table, takes her to bed, says good-bye to her when she leaves the house. She's having a wonderful time with Kembo as a guest."

A few years ago such a unit as "Friends to Know and Love" would have ended with the stories of Bible friends and the children's everyday friends, which provide the material for the first five sessions. But in this closely-knit world of today it is impossible to stop them

*Kindergarten Graded Lessons, First Year, Winter Quarter, Unit IV.



—R.N.S.
Hundreds of boys and girls widen their world outlook and interest when they save money for needy children around the world. In this Baltimore church each child presents his offering to children dressed in national costumes.

even for four- and five-year-olds. And so the session on the Negro boy Rodney and his church school, and of "Wu Ling's Rice," "Sadi Goes to Kindergarten," and "How Susu Shared" are necessary if children are to be prepared for full appreciation of the stories of Jesus and his friends and Jesus with the children. It is essential for children to feel from the beginning the wideness of God's love for all people.

It is important to remember too that the youngest "war babies" started to school last September, and that all elementary grades have in them many children whose fathers and uncles saw service overseas. This is significant in a number of ways but most of all in the background which many of these children have. They know about places and people which were unknown to children—and perhaps to their parents—a few years ago. A globe or world map has meaning to children younger than heretofore. They became acquainted with it in relation to "the place where Daddy is." Their attitudes toward the people in far-away places will reflect those of

the parents who may have affection or respect, or contempt, or antagonism or pity toward the people of Europe, or the Pacific Island, or Japan.

It is of the utmost importance that feelings of goodwill, of friendliness, of concern for those who need help shall begin in childhood if Christian personality is to grow and become effective.

When primary children are studying such a unit as "Our Church at Work in Other Lands"³ they are having not only the experience of learning about missions, they are entering into a wider Christian fellowship, which will have many associations. When your child is enjoying Bible stories read at home it will give him added appreciation of the Bible and of children in other lands to realize that they enjoy these stories too. The feeling that it is "our Bible" can be replaced by the realization that the Bible stories were originally in another language and had to be translated into

(See page 6.)

³Primary Graded Lessons, Third Year, Unit VIII, also units in first and second years.

Healing Family

By Gene E. Bartlett

A WELL-KNOWN minister with a reputation for direct speech was approached by a couple one Sunday after church. "Pastor," said the husband, "congratulate us. We have been married thirty years today—and we've never had a disagreement!" It is reported that the minister studied the couple for a moment and then replied, "Never had a disagreement? I'm afraid I must say that either that isn't

true, or, if it is, it's a terribly dull way to live!"

Few families are threatened with that kind of dullness! Both common experience and careful studies remind us that wherever people come together there will be times of tension and competition, either open or suppressed. Even the family is not immune. In fact, when such disturbances appear they grow more intense by the very intimacy of the daily family contacts.

Every counsellor becomes familiar with the ways in which such tensions come to critical point:

Kathy, aged 21, wants to marry Bruce, but her mother is objecting to the marriage. At first it was direct opposition. Since it was apparent that this would not keep Kathy and Bruce from seeing each other, Kathy's mother has become ill and increasingly petulant. Kathy is torn, sometimes depressed, sometimes angry, sometimes submissive.

Bill, age 11, has decided that he doesn't want to go to Sunday school. He says that the teacher isn't interesting. His mother and father are insisting but it seems doubtful that, with all his resistance, Bill is receiving much religious education. Frank and Helen after some years of marriage without children were overjoyed when they learned that at last they were to have a baby. But since the baby arrived there has been growing conflict. Frank thinks the boy is being coddled with too much attention. Helen thinks Frank doesn't understand all that's involved in taking care of a child.

All of these are "Christian homes" in the sense that the members of the families have been associated with the church. In fact, all of them are somewhat baffled at times that such conflicts should arise in *their* homes. Can their Christian faith and principles help them in resolving these disturbances creatively?

FIRST of all, such disturbances highlight the importance of building ways of understanding into the *habits* of the home. It is a

—H. Armstrong Roberts.



Disturbances

How well

**have you cured your family disagreements?
Begin now to build a framework for harmony.**

fortunate couple who have been mature enough to establish from the beginning habits of sharing. These ways of understanding are imparted, in turn, to the children. Such habits, made a natural part of home life, provide the creative outlets for the disturbances which come in the course of family living.

I saw a parable of this a few years ago in a trip through one of our great river valleys. Floods had threatened the cities and towns periodically. There were two ways of meeting the problem. One was short range, an emergency plan: the building of levees at strategic points on the river's banks. When floods came, men worked around the clock strengthening the levees to contain the raging waters. But the real hope lies in another long-range plan. It calls for the building of a series of dams in the tributaries, often a hundred miles or more from the actual scene of the floods. Here rising water can be controlled at its source and released into the valley only when it can be accommodated without serious damage.

In human relationships, too, it is important to have habitual ways of meeting problems near their source. Emergency methods, at best, are uncertain and difficult. In that family, on the other hand, which has found ways of sharing both decisions and responsibilities conflicts rarely come to the point where they threatened seriously to disrupt the home.

THIS naturally raises the question: What are the marks of a "sharing" family in which disturbances can often be healed at their source, and also after they threaten to disrupt? The answer cannot be found in any rules or formula. It lies in the attitudes brought to such disturbances by those involved.

The first is the more essential. It is a willingness to understand what the issue *means* to the other person. Is it not true that many of the disturbances arise because the same issue has different meanings for different people? To a parent the reluctance of a son to get home at a certain hour may mean disobedience; to the young person it may mean a striving for greater emotional independence. As long as each insists that his is the only possible meaning of the matter the disturbance will continue and grow more acute. If, on the other hand, the members of a disturbed family can be led to consider what an issue means to the others, a strong and essential beginning has been made toward creative solution.

Sometimes we are surprised to discover what meanings children find in things which adults take for granted. Our three-year-old one morning at breakfast was lifting his glass up and down before his face. "Drink your milk, son," we said—hopefully. "But," he replied, "it has to be past your eyes!"

We had just returned from a long motor trip. When we stopped at a restaurant we usually asked the waiter, "Is your milk pasteurized?" Apparently our three-year-old had visualized the waiter standing back in the kitchen going through just such exercises, lifting the milk up and down before his eyes!

Different meanings will not always be so simple or benign. But in really important situations they may be present.

After all, sound relationships in the family do not require absolute agreement. But they do require loving understanding. As one teen-ager put it to me, "I don't expect to have my way on everything. But it only seems fair that they should try to understand how I feel about things."

The burden of this responsibility rests by necessity upon parents. Our first inclination is to impart adult meanings to the behavior of children or young people. To them, however, it may mean something quite different. To seek to find that meaning (though sometimes it quite baffles us!) is one of the marks of mature parenthood. This is not to say that we then always must accept that meaning and concede to their wishes. It is to say that we cannot fully understand the problem itself until we see it as it appears to them. Only then are we in position to seek the best way out of the disturbance.

Even though this will not in itself always bring agreement, the feeling that we are sincerely seeking to understand will go a long way toward alleviating tensions.

THE SECOND requirement is also important. It is a willingness on the part of those involved to share responsibility for the difficulty. Very few situations can be dismissed as "just one of those things." Rarely can one person in the family say justly of another, "It's all his (or her) fault." Even as the joys of family life come as the result of mutual giving on the part of all, so, with rare exceptions, all have contributed to the rise of disturbances. When the family can come to the question of responsibility saying "we" rather than "he" or "she," another important step toward solution has been made.

Mr. G. stopped by one day to see the pastor. After talking for a few minutes about a men's club program Mr. G. with deliberate casualness came to the point of his visit.

"By the way," he said, "while I'm here I'd like to
(Continued on page 19.)

(From page 3.)

English for us, just as they must be translated into Chinese, or any other language. The fact that our gifts of money help to provide these Bibles in other languages, and missionaries to teach the people, just as our ministers and church school teacher teach us, should give a feeling of richer fellowship, not of superiority.

By the time a child is in the fourth and fifth grades, he is beginning to be a world citizen. Social science studies, movies, the radio, the books he reads, all make him aware of the vastly interesting

countries of the world, which are coming nearer in time if not in miles. He knows about airplane schedules around the world. Alas, he also knows about fears and suspicions among nations. It is important that he realize that this is the world Jesus was talking about when he said, "Go therefore and make disciples of all the nations." If he is to be a Christian world citizen, home and church must provide the opportunities for Christian understanding and service. If he learns about the churches in China and Japan and of the courage of Christians there,

he will have a sense of fellowship with them as members of God's family and followers of Christ. The unit "Our Church at Work Abroad"⁴ will help to open doors to understanding. Conversation at home, books such as *When the Carp Banners Fly*,⁵ in the child's personal library, will help him to feel at home in the world of nations and to pray sincerely

Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven.

⁴Junior Graded Lessons, Second Year, Unit II.

⁵By Grace McGavran.

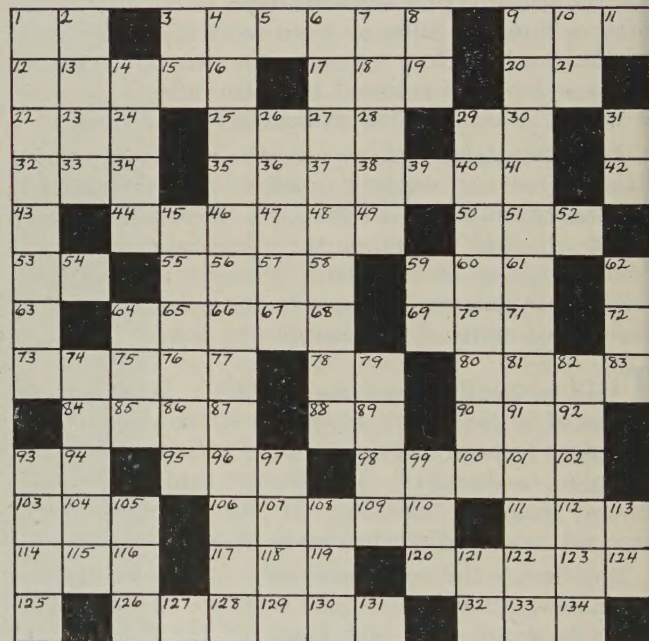
Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| A. A score of years ----- | 64 88 116 60 101 2 |
| B. Poverty-stricken ----- | 104 127 121 105 77 |
| C. A garland, as of flowers -- | 78 99 56 86 52 85 |
| D. Great fear or dread ----- | 107 45 14 74 26 115 |
| E. Sufficient, ample ----- | 15 70 117 20 47 10 |
| F. Shooting stars ----- | 1 36 67 40 82 33 21 |
| G. To enumerate articles one by one ----- | 9 129 114 81 124 |
| H. Climbed up, as on a horse - | 134 23 48 30 5 8 13 |
| I. A competitor ----- | 130 133 27 122 110 |
| J. A companion, or an ally -- | 94 65 53 92 46 61 |
| K. Searched for ----- | 120 51 22 98 49 34 |
| L. Large sea animals, like Moby Dick ----- | 31 132 103 109 57 106 |
| M. Washed, cleansed ----- | 50 108 44 102 89 55 |
| N. At a greater distance, beyond ----- | 128 59 41 6 39 18 91 |
| O. Custom long usage ----- | 72 111 126 62 95 |



- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| P. To be plentiful ----- | 90 76 32 66 63 58 |
| Q. Sharp or piercing, as a whistle ----- | 125 96 119 37 25 3 |
| R. In good health, not sick -- | 83 131 7 12 |
| S. The creation, the universe | 16 69 19 100 123 28 |
| T. To imagine, to ponder ---- | 84 68 11 35 80 |
| U. Profoundly earnest, or intent ----- | 4 43 87 73 54 112 79 |
| V. Worked hard ----- | 38 93 29 17 97 71 |
| W. A set, as of furniture, or rooms ----- | 113 118 42 24 75 |

(Solution on page 31.)

NEW SHOES AND GRINS

No other people existed for the four of them as they were brought into this momentary fellowship



ILLUSTRATION BY
PAUL SWISHER

A Story by Dorothy Mollberg Lundell

A LITTLE girl sat on the bus with her mother. She was a proud little girl named Gem by her parents. The feeling of pride which was moving all over inside of her around the region of her ribs was occasioned by the sight of the new shoes on her feet. The

shoes stuck out in front of her because her legs were too short to dangle over the bus seat. The new shoes were thus exhibited for all who would look.

There was a new plaid dress in the paper sack which Gem was clutching, and her dark face was

alight at the thought of how it would feel to wear it to school the next day.

"Stop punching it, honey; there won't be any paper sack left." It was her mother speaking.

Gem's mother looked understandingly at her child's happy face; she herself was feeling a special joy over the purchases for her daughter.

The bus took on new passengers,

The Voice of God

Alone within the mountain hush
I heard the sweet notes of a thrush,
But singing high above the bird
The voice of God I thought I heard.

"Be still and know that I am God."
I seemed to stand on sacred sod;
I knew now what the psalmist meant,
As I stood waiting, audient.

Under peaks of purpled height,
By sun-kissed pools, in shadowed light,
From grass and sky and sighing tree,
I heard God speaking unto me.

Beauty

I have known much beauty in my time,
I have danced to its rhythm, chanted its rhyme;
I have seen the first red flame of morning sky
And watched the cool blue light of evening die;
I have felt the fragrant kiss of springtime breeze
And loved the brilliant tapestry of autumn trees;
I have known the golden warmth of summer noon,
And walked in whitened woods beneath a winter moon.

Take from me these, but let me ever hold
One memory etched in pencilings of gold:
A curly head against my knee, firelight on her hair,
A long-stilled voice whispering a childish evening prayer.

POEMS BY MARIE ELMORE BAXTER

her feet. The shoes were obviously new, and, in Penny's thinking, new shoes should be both seen and heard.

The little girl named Gem observed all that occurred; her eyes were bright with interest. Her round dark face crinkled with obvious delight at the sight of the other new shoes.

Just then Gem remembered that she was not clutching the lavender transfers she always had the privilege of requesting. In the excitement of the new purchases, she had forgotten this duty.

Exclaiming, "I forgot the transfers!" she dashed up the aisle of the bus.

Returning, her eyes wandered to Penny's new shoes. Penny's eyes sought Gem's new shoes, which were likewise noisier than ordinary, older shoes.

Looking up, Gem's eyes met Penny's, and each face, the dark brown one and the white one, was played upon by a spontaneous grin. Then Gem was back in her seat.

Penny's mother smiled at her daughter, loving her for being very young, for being also at home in the world, for being linked to all little girls by having things in common.

She suddenly wished to see the mother of the little girl who had gone for the transfers. As she had this wish and refrained from turning to look, she heard the clip-clop sound of a little girl's shoes. The bell rang signaling the bus to stop, and Penny turned completely around to look.

Penny's mother did a semiturn with her. Gem and Penny exchanged the same shy grin, as though a similar button had been punched in each. The two mothers, each first looking at the other's child, exchanged quiet, somehow happy smiles.

No other people existed on the bus for the four of them as they were brought into this momentary, intangible fellowship. A fellowship which was largely created by fresh-hearted little girls with new shoes. And the feeling of goodwill went with them as they went their separate ways.

and a little girl walked loudly down the aisle, after the manner of a small horse. She took a seat on the bus with her mother.

"Penny," her mother admon-

ished, "don't you think you could have been a little more quiet?"

The reason for the clip-clop entrance made by Penny was understandable as soon as one looked at

They have envisioned great things at conference. Their thoughts are high up and their steps are light. Parents, we charge you . . .



—Eva Luoma.

Let Not the Dream Die

By Ann Seeley

YOUTH is a time of dreaming. Of plans. BIG plans. Plans for next week, plans for next year, plans for the rest of life. Each age in life has its privileges and compensations. To youth goes the privilege of dreaming.

Webster tells us that one definition of the verb "dream" is "to conceive as possible or probable." Think of the common comforts of life which were first dreams in the heart of some youth who dared to conceive them as possible and probable.

Henry Ford dared to believe possible the manufacturing of an automobile which would be within the price-reach of the average

American family! Some of his contemporaries thought his dream impossible. Yet today magnificent highways lace our land, crowded with fast-moving automobiles, carrying families to and fro,—making it possible for average families to know more about the wonders of this land of ours than even the wealthiest did a century ago!

Thomas Edison tinkered away in his little laboratory. "Peculiar," some of his friends described him. No doubt many acquaintances, who did not put their thoughts into words, had their private ideas about a boy who liked to spend his time "experimenting." Today, however, we take for granted the blessings brought about by that boy's dreams! So common have they become, and so necessary to

our way of life, that we find ourselves in a "dither" if the refrigerator refuses to work even for one day. We call a repair man—then practically pace the floor until he arrives.

Friends could not understand Albert Schweitzer, when he was compelled by a divine vision to give up a most promising career in music and theology in Europe to prepare himself as a medical missionary in Africa. They thought he would be burying himself to go to that remote place and simply practice medicine among those backward peoples! Recently Dr. Schweitzer arrived in New York for his initial visit to this country. Reporters were anxious to know why this man gave up a brilliant and promising career as a musician and theologian in Europe to become a missionary in Africa. His

answer? "I did not give up a thing. I have been privileged to do good. When a man has such a rich opportunity to help others, he has not denied himself a thing." In Chicago the following tribute was paid him: "son of the soil, child of the earth, soul of nature, and man of God." Many have proclaimed him as the greatest living citizen of the world—this one who had the courage to follow the dream that grew in his heart and mind.

The list is endless. Every step of progress made in any direction is first conceived as "possible and probable" in the heart of someone who had the fortitude to nourish the dream and see it to completion. One cannot but wonder what dreams are astir this hour in some youth's breast which will make tomorrow a better day.

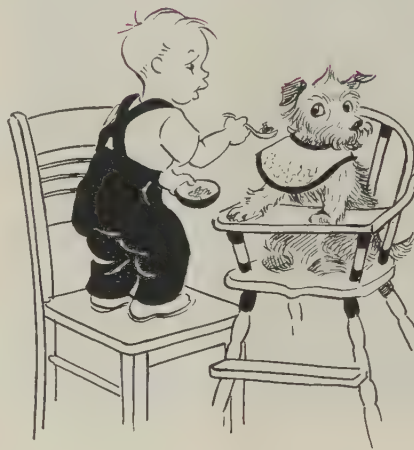
And, on the other hand, one cannot but wonder what dreams have been lost in the process, because the soil of the soul on which they fell was too shallow for growth. When the first criticism came—or the first failure, gone was the dream which might have been important in the life of the dreamer had someone encouraged him and believed in him.

LAST summer thousands of church young people attended conferences and camps. Hundreds of adults gave of their life's energy that these youth might be challenged to new heights in living the Christian life—to new visions of stewardship for their lives. In most of these summer experiences there was some act of consecration—some determination to live in a finer way than ever before or, in many cases, a consecration of a life to full-time Christian service. Many were challenged to make their life's work reflect the Christian influence. And countless of them returned home with new dreams concerning the possibilities which life holds for them.

Dreams are mighty important. Even little ones. If it were not for the dreams and aspirations to which we are all challenged from time to time, life would get pretty

humdrum. But let a dream take hold of us—and we quicken our pace and thrill to the working out of the dream. The same is true of our youth. Life takes on new meaning when there is a goal toward which to work. There is new importance to the things they do and think. That is, if we will take their dreaming seriously, and help them to fit the various parts of the dream together.

One girl came home from a summer young people's conference. For the first time she had been faced seriously with what she might do with her life. She was looking forward to her senior year of high school, and had been try-



Aw, come on—eat my spinach.

ing to settle in her mind just what she wanted to do with her life. Nothing she could think of seemed to be satisfying to her until, at the conference, she had been given a vision of how her talents might be used in full-time Christian service. There was a new sense of contentment which flooded over her when she made the decision to give her life to the work of the kingdom. When the time of consecration came, she was one of those who stepped out from the group and said, "I want to give my life in full-time Christian service."

The nearer she approached her home, the more she wondered just how she was going to share this

wonderful feeling she had with her parents. She wasn't quite sure how they would feel about it. They had their dreams of preparing her to be a teacher. She could hardly wait to hear what they would say! Surely they would understand how she felt about all this!!

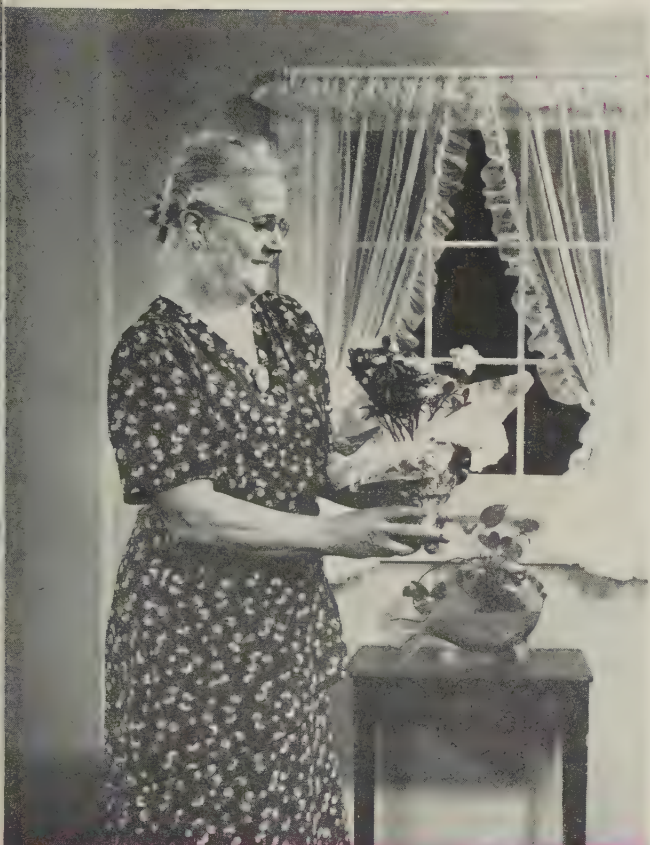
But they did not. They smiled about it as one would smile at a child's wild imaginings. They said very little one way or the other, but when the time came to choose a college, they used every pressure to influence her to attend the teacher's college they had picked out for her . . . ("just two years, then you can go on to our church college if you still feel this way") . . . and the daughter give in to her parents' wishes. On the campus of the state school the dream was lost—or at least it was pushed back into a dim corner; and she didn't take it out to look at it very often. Other interests claimed her. Once in a while she would remember the dream. At those times she would attend the church of her faith—hoping for a little gleam of the inspiration she knew she was losing. The dream is not entirely gone as yet, and no one knows how the story will turn out. In all likelihood it will never come to fruition—unless someone with enough influence in her life cares sufficiently to help her make it come true!

IDEALISM runs high in youth. "Let's do it," "Why not?" "We can!" are common attitudes. Parents of youth, as well as friends in the church, need to surround young people with an atmosphere of encouragement. Some of their dreams are impractical. They will find out soon enough, but they will be the nobler for the dreaming. Some of their dreams will help bring in the Kingdom of God on earth. For the sake of such dreams we, as parents and friends, need to take every noble ambition and high aim seriously. We must strive to provide the kind of "soil" in which it can grow. It IS possible to have a better world. We all believe that; many are working for it. Let not the dream die!

How NOT to Be *Lonesome*

It's a trick everyone should know.

By William Earl Waldrop



—H. Armstrong Roberts.

Alone in the world, she knows the true value of losing herself in cheering others. Plants grown in her sunniest windows often go to friends and neighbors.

IT IS AMAZING the number of people who are lonely. Every week in my office I talk with people who are bored with life. I am always amazed at what these people do to try to cure their boredom. Many of the remedies are worse than the disease—if boredom is a disease.

For instance, there is a man who is separated from his wife. For the first time in years he is forced to live with himself. All day long he is with people in his work, and is able to adjust himself during the day. But when night comes and

he goes home to what he calls "four bulkheads" he becomes miserable.

So, to lift himself out of this state, he drinks. That is his only pastime.

For another example, I know a young woman who lives alone. She hates her room. She rushes home from the office each day, grabs a bite to eat, and goes to the theater. She tells me that she sees as many as seven movies a week. For awhile this kept her entertained, but before long she ran out of movies. If there were enough movies to see a different one each night, before

long this would grow tiresome, and she would be bored. One of my friends said to me not long ago that he believed loneliness is a disease. It is not a disease. It is a symptom. It is a symptom of emotional and spiritual immaturity. There is no need for any mature person to be lonely or bored.

Recently I have read extensively from the writings of those who say that the cure for loneliness is to surround yourself with a host of friends. Friends are among our greatest treasures. But friends are not the cure for loneliness. They offer a part-time cure, but there are times when our friends are not with us.

It has been my experience that those who have a firm faith in God as an inner resource are prepared to meet such a problem as loneliness. This does not mean that one with Christian faith will never be lonely or bored. These moments come to the best of us. But those who practice the presence of God in prayer and meditation are better prepared to face them and deal with them successfully.

The only cure for loneliness and boredom is that which comes from an individual's own inner resources. Even such an important organization as Alcoholics Anonymous realizes the importance of

(Continued on page 26.)

Transition

By

Jean Keith

Gaines

SHE HAD stayed in the house all through the hot, drowsy day to be near the telephone if he called, or to be at home if he stopped by. In a little flurry of exertion, she had straightened her dresser drawers and changed the furniture around in her room, and had washed her hair. Now she sat on the side porch steps to dry it, letting the sun lace the glossy, brown mane with threads of gold. As she sat with her head bent and resting on her bare knees, she felt again the dry tightening in her throat which had become familiar in the past few months. She lifted her head and swallowed carefully, forcing her face to relax. He would call. It was silly of her to worry, to get so tense about the whole thing. Why, it was the very last dance of the summer and the last date they would have because the morning after the dance Brad was leaving for the university. And again the wish surged strongly within her that she were going, too; that she didn't have another whole year of high school.

Again she wondered how *he* felt about leaving. Did he have those quiet little pangs, echoing hollowly all through him, when he thought of the unbroken caravan of days during which he would not see her face or hear her voice? Did he? They had never spoken of love, or fidelity. They had been terrifically casual with each other and about each other since that day two years ago, when she had been crowded against the wall of a booth in Wood's Drug Store, with Tom and Ted Smith filling and overflowing the rest of the seat, and Brad had sat facing her in an adjoining booth, watching her with something warm and friendly kindling in his dark eyes. After a few minutes, he had gotten up and walked leisurely to their booth, and had efficiently ejected the twins without seeming to hear their protests;

and as he slid into the seat beside her, his lean shoulder touching hers, the drugstore ceiling lights had silently exploded into a fine-spun spray of sparkling colors to tingle against her face.

Oh, yes, they had been casual; or rather, he had been, and she had been passably successful at trying to be, except for the glory of adoration in her eyes, which she couldn't see and never knew was there. She remembered Lela saying to her one day as they walked home from school, "Janie, you let him take you too much for granted. Honestly, I believe you'd lie down and let him walk on you with hobnail boots if he wanted to." And her own dreamy, ecstatic reply, "Yes, isn't he wonderful?"

And he had taken her for granted; her affection, her understanding, her compliance with his wishes in everything, and she had not minded. She had loved it, had loved giving him all those gifts generously, without reservation. And he had taken them graciously, with real though unspoken appreciation and respect. That is, he had until two or three months ago; about the beginning of the summer, it was, when she became conscious of a slow, subtle changing which she could not understand or control. It was an elusive thing, a faint lack of regard for her feelings, a way of brushing her aside that made her feel like an annoying fly buzzing around his face.

And now, the day before the dance, the very last dance, he hadn't even mentioned it. Not a word, and her new dress, pink with sheer, foaming ruffles all the way to the floor, hung in her closet, shedding a rosy aura of excitement each time she opened the door. She thought of the new dress and sighed, and bent her head to give it one final shake in the sunlight, smelling the clean freshness of her hair, as it fell against her

face; and then she picked up the bright-colored towel where it lay beside her on the step and went into the house through the dining room and into the front hall and carefully not looking at the telephone, went up the stairs to her own room.

She crossed the room and sat down before the skirted dressing table. She combed her hair, concentratedly working out the tangles, and then brushing it upward all around, she pinned it securely with little combs and bobby pins, leaving a nest of shining curls on top of her head. With a bobby pin still in her mouth, she turned her head from side to side, watching her reflection, and then giving her head a disdainful toss, she smiled bewitchingly at herself in the mirror then suddenly turned down the corners of her mouth in horrible grimace, turning the bobby pin up sharply against her nose.

She opened her mouth and let the bobby pin fall, and got up quickly and went over to the little bedside table and turned on the radio. While she waited for the radio to warm up she tapped a boogie-woogie rhythm on its polished top, one moccasined foot keeping time with her fingers. Then the pure, golden notes of a violin poured into the room holding her transfixed while waves of music washed against her. Her hands came together and clasped each other gently, and she sank to her knees, her face uplifted, and tears pushed softly, achingly, up through her throat and gathered brightly in her eyes; and then the last note of music died away and there was the voice of the announcer, and she slowly reached up and turned the knob.

They had been casual; or rather, he had been, and she had been passably successful except for the adoration in her eyes

For a few moments she sat still letting the surging tide of feeling recede, and then she reached up and opened the table drawer and took out her manicure kit and prepared to do her nails.

When she was finished, and the lacquered tip of each finger shone deliciously pink, she waved her hands in the air a few times and then got to her feet and made a running leap at the bed, landing prone across it with her hands still in the air. She lowered her hands, palms carefully downward and fingers widespread until they rested on the organdy bedspread; and then as she watched a fly walking unsteadily along the organdy ruffle her eyelids closed and she slept.

When she opened her eyes again it was twilight—a gray, wind-stirred twilight—and her throat felt dry and thirsty. She got up quickly and went into the adjoining bathroom and turned on the faucet, letting the water run over her fingers until it was cold and then she drank three full glasses. She set the glass down and listened and heard her mother's voice downstairs in the kitchen; then she switched on the bathroom light, stripped herself of her clothes, and stepped into the shower stall. After her shower, she dressed in fresh white shark-skin slacks and shirt, took the combs and bobby pins out of her hair and brushed and combed it smooth, and went downstairs into the kitchen.

Her mother looked up from the salad she was making and smiled warmly.

"Hello, dear. Did you have a nice nap?"

She rubbed her chin on her mother's soft shoulder.

"Uh huh. Anybody call me?"

(Continued on page 31.)

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL A. GROUT



For every family there should be
some customs to look back on and say...

I'm Glad We Did That!

By Robert H. Eads

WHEN I came home from school I always looked on the family bulletin board which was hung just inside the kitchen door. On it the name of each member of the family was lettered, and beneath the name Dad had drawn stick figure cartoons of the duties that were ours. I'm glad we did that because it gave to each of us in the family a real sense of belonging to each other and it trained us to take our responsibilities in the home in a sharing spirit."

When young people get away from home, perhaps at school, or on their own at work or in homemaking, they begin to appreciate the family traditions and customs which helped to bind them together or quite subtly trained them for family and community living. Consider the example just quoted. It is a good family custom, developed in many homes, to have a bulletin where notes for various members of the family can be left. It removes the tendency to sharp criticism that many a family falls into, yet needed suggestions can be frankly written out and placed on the bulletin for the person concerned.

Some young people have spoken with great appreciation of the family council idea where each member has a voice in shaping family policies that influence all. In a Christian home where the personality of each is cherished, where no one seeks to "lord it over the other" or make his will completely and infallibly dominant, a family council can help each member to grow. Younger members have a genuine chance to mature when they are allowed to help in thinking through common problems (such as the use of the family car, the matter of allowances, vacation plans, allocation of family responsibilities, and many other details that parents often decide alone as a matter of course).

A college student told me that in their family of ten almost every meal was a sort of "family council." If the daily routines are to be handled smoothly and effectively in such a large family, the necessity of co-operation is perhaps more obvious. Each meal began with prayer, the various members of the family taking their turn in returning thanks. Still another student

reported that his family held hands around the table as the grace was being said, and added, "I'm glad we did that because it was a simple physical expression of the spiritual fact that we were united in our prayer. Now, I'm doing it in the home I have established, even when guests are present."

The matter of having meals together is one of the basic "common ventures of life" in these days of commuting, swing shifts, and hectic engagement calendars. As a young married woman put it, "Our family was always together at breakfast, for in our city home it was the one meal we could be sure all would be at home. No matter how late we studied or came in from a date the night before we were in our places at breakfast before dad commuted to the office. I am glad that we made the effort. As I look back, I know that simple act knit our family together."

"In our family it was assumed that we went to church together, and there in worship we established a family pew." Again it was a city girl speaking, but the same experience has been repeated by many young people with whom I have talked, and with one accord they are grateful to their parents for having established the custom. It has helped them worship. There, in Christian surroundings, they have established new and enduring friendships again and again.

SUNDAY afternoon is a problem in some homes, but two young people—who are now college graduates and in their chosen vocations—look back on their Sundays in their homes as days with a rather special glow! Sunday was never a taboo day for the emphasis was on what could be done by the whole family. In each case the parents had thought through special plans that would make the day unusually interesting and "very extra." The plans were as varied as the interests of the several members, but the family was united in their activity. If the weather was bad, books would be read or letters written. Each member had

his hobby or craft to work on. In good weather hikes in the woods were in order or trips to a favorite park with a picnic lunch, a drive to a relative's home or place of scenic or historical interest. Never did these activities interfere with the services of the church. The day's activity was an accent on the positive, the creative, the beautiful which was so appreciated by these young people.

One family I know uses every opportunity it can get to sing together. The friends and neighbors love it and join in on it too. Unusual musical ability is not required to grow together in song. All that is really needed is the will. Hymns, folk songs, fun songs, the old classics are sung at the table in candle-light, or around the piano with solos and impromptu quartets. The informality of a fireside sing with popcorn and apples to finish the event meets a soul-need for family solidarity. Home becomes a place of growing, glowing attraction where friends love to come and are always welcomed.

"Now that we have founded our own home," a young couple told me, "we have a time for family games. We try to keep a special time so we won't neglect it for we feel it is important." In another family group one night a week a service of family worship was practiced. Each person took his turn in leadership, even the very youngest. This was a service planned in addition to the daily devotional discipline of individual members and the family devotions at the table. This same family set aside an hour and a half after supper on Wednesday evenings when everyone worked in the family "craft shop." There Christmas presents were fabricated, new skills were learned, and ideas for the home shared. Supper was ready early enough on these evenings to allow plenty of time for family night before important evening engagements.

The family that has developed special family customs for special days continues through the years to grow in love and understanding. "For every birthday and every Christmas mother gave each of us an especially fine book," remarked a young lady of unusual breadth and depth of interest. "We used to joke about it and tease a bit, too," she said, "But deep down we were very grateful. And now after I have been away from home I can see what a wise and thoughtful custom it was for each of us has the nucleus of a splendid library." A good book is the life blood of a master spirit and such a gift is more than a quick and easy way to remember a loved one on a holiday.

"On the slightest pretext we developed festive occasions by thinking up a new centerpiece or place-cards at the dinner table." It was another college student saying, "I'm glad we did that!" For the opening of school it might be pencils and pads or a "little red schoolhouse" model. For Halloween it was the gourd, fruit and colored leaves of the season with a pumpkin face carved by the youngest with parental aid. For Thanksgiving, I remember, it was the pilgrim's churchyard, built of Lincoln Logs, or a tiny model of the "Mayflower" cut out of wood with a coping saw, set on a mirror for the sea, and anchored



—Reginald Russell.

We keep a special time for family games for we feel they are important.

near a stone that looked like Plymouth Rock. At Christmas time the whole house was festive. The tree would be chosen by the children. As it was brought into the house the whole family gathered to sing "O Tannenbaum." Each one shared in creating some of the decorations. In very lean years when trees were too expensive a big branch was brought in from the yard and each twig was wrapped with colored paper with unique and beautiful effect.

And so, around the year, each holiday became a holy day because it was lifted to a level of creative Christian joy and service. The customs that are developed around Christmas are deepest when they place central the birthday of Christ. Before the family giving comes the service of carols, the reading of the Christmas story, the family prayer together. In these days of special world need others who are in want are remembered before gifts are lavished upon those who are near and dear to us but who are not in such great need. "I am glad I learned to enjoy giving as an honest steward when I was young."

"In our family," reported a young minister's wife, "each of us received an allowance and an account book. The allowance came to us early on Sunday morning so we learned to set aside our benevolence offering first. The church's work was never short-changed. The account book was an aid to Christian stewardship, examined by parents who wanted us to learn that 'money is minted personality.' I'm glad we did that in our family."

Green Corn Moon

August is the Green Corn Moon—
Pueblo Indian children say.
Then the corn will ripen soon
To be dried and stored away.

August is the Green Corn Moon—
Underneath its blazing sky
Beating drums and whirling dancers
Beg for rain—lest green corn die.

August is the Green Corn Moon—
Corn must ripen, white and red.
Indians pray to the Great Spirit
That Indian children may have bread.

—ELEANOR HAMMOND

My Garden

My garden is a tiny place,
With seeds all in a row;
I tend them with a loving care
And God helps them to grow.

For it is He who sends the rain,
The sunshine warm and bright;
The seeds I planted grow to bud,
And blossom in the light.

And when they bloom they smile and nod
With faces turned to me;
And God and I who made them grow
Are happy as can be.

—CALVIN W. LAUFER

Loaf of Bread, So Crisp and Good

Loaf of bread, so crisp and good,
Gift of God, my daily food,
What a story you do bear
Of our Father's loving care.

How the farmer sows the seed
In the furrows of the field;
Then God sends His sun and rain
So the seed will grow to grain.

Then the harvest packs the bin
When the grain is gathered in;
On to mill to grind it there
Into flour white and fair.

Loaf of bread of tiny grain,
Sun, and air, and field, and rain;
But the dear God's loving care
Brings the harvest everywhere.

For our share in all this good,
For His love, and for our food,
Let us not forget to say,
"Thank you, Father," every day.

—PAUL ZELLAR STRODACH



WORSHIP IN THE HOME

with Lyrics

God Gives Us Food

AUGUST is the month in which the fertility of the earth is at its highest. Fruits and vegetables are ripening; grains maturing for harvest. Food is plentiful for present use and for storing for the future.

Families who live in rural communities see this on every hand. Families who live in the city may see these evidences of God's loving care as they vacation in the country, spend an occasional day there, or as they drive past fertile fields.

Children must be guided to see God's loving provision for his children in the abundance of the earth. They begin to sense this understanding as they associate with adults who themselves are conscious of it. When children see the abundance of the earth, the experience will be enriched and given spiritual significance if an appropriate verse of Scripture or a poem is read or quoted. The Scriptures and poems which appear on these pages may be used in this way. Choose one to read or repeat when pictures recall such experiences. Choose another to be used in conversations about the source of food.

The earth produces of itself, first the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear.

Mark 4:28.

And the tree of the field shall yield its fruit, and the earth shall yield its increase, and they shall be secure in their land.

Ezekiel 34:27a.

And he told this parable: "A man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came seeking fruit on it and found none. And he said to the vinedresser, 'Lo, these three years I have come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and I find none. Cut it down; Why should it use up the ground?' And he answered him, 'Let it alone, sir, this year also, till I dig about it and put on manure. And if it bears fruit next year, well and good; but if not, you can cut it down.' "

Luke 13:6-9.

And at our doors are all manner of precious fruits, new and old.

Song of Solomon 7:13b.

Children



List to the Lark

List to the Lark!
He soars and sings,
"Wake to your work,
The Matin rings!"
Praise God for work!

Noon-tide is near,
The board is spread;
Thanks be to Him
Who giveth bread!
Praise God for bread!

Sinks to his sleep
The pilgrim Sun,
Homeward to rest,
The day is done!
Praise God for rest!

—ANONYMOUS

Let Us with a Gladsome Mind

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us, then, his praise sing forth,
His high majesty and worth
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

—JOHN MILTON

Prayers

Dear Father, we thank you for the nice cool breeze this morning. We thank you for our Food. Forgive us when we do wrong and help us to do the right thing. Amen.

Dear Father, thou hast planned for the food we need to strengthen our bodies. We thank thee for it. Help us to remember that we also have food for our thoughts, our words and our deeds. We want to do our part in being friendly and helpful. Help us to think more of others and not so much of ourselves. Amen.

—BEULAH THOMAS

Wondering (A Litany)

O God, how did You plan it so
That corn and peas and beans will grow?

I wonder . . . , wonder . . . , God.

What is it that we cannot see
That tells the seeds what they will be?

I wonder . . . , wonder . . . , God.

How do the plants push through the ground
So steadily without a sound?

I wonder . . . , wonder . . . , God.

What makes the sunshine help them bear
Ripe food that we may eat and share?

I wonder . . . , wonder . . . , God.

O God, how did you plan it so
That eating food helps us to grow?

I wonder . . . , wonder . . . , God.

—MABEL NIEDERMAYER MCCAW

Book Rights Reserved

Table Grace

Thank you, God, for your many blessings. Thank you for the earth, the sun and the rain, and the life within the seeds. Help us to think of your love for us as we eat this food. Amen.

God Who Made the Earth

God, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth—
Careth for me.

God, who made the grass,
The flow'r, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass—
Careth for me.

God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is he
Who, when life's clouds come on—
Careth for me.

God, who made all things
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings—
Careth for me.

—SARAH B. RHODES

Jasper's city cousins
come to visit him and spend . . .

A Day

On the Farm

By Doris Clore Demaree

JASPER was the first to see the buggy coming down the township road. Clop! Clop! Clop! Clip-pety-clop! went the horse's feet and with each clop the dust puffed and rolled in all directions, then settled in a great cloud behind the buggy. Jasper took one look then ran pell-mell into the house.

"Mom! Oh, MOM!" he called. "Aunt Grace's are coming!"

Mrs. Dorrell ran to the door and looked down the road. "You are right!" she gasped. "They are! Here, Jasper, wash your hands and face, good, mind you! Then put on some clean overalls."

She grabbed the broom beside the fireplace and hastily brushed the ashes from the hearth. She crumpled her apron and gave the mantel a hasty swipe, then just as quickly untied it and threw it into the clothes hamper in the washroom while she pulled a clean apron from the drawer almost with the same motion. Just as they heard, "Whoo-oo-oo-oo!" they were ready and both of them ran to the door to meet their guests.

Aunt Grace held the lines loosely while the girls, Alice and Clara, tumbled from the buggy.

"Fasten the horse, Jasper," said Mrs. Dorrell. "Get out and come in, Grace! It's good to see you. How are you, Clara? I'll declare, if you haven't grown a foot, Alice!"

Jasper tied the horse to the hitching post. Aunt Grace climbed from the buggy and they all went inside. At first the girls and Jasper were shy. It always was like that when they first came. Jasper was a bit awed by the girls' big hair ribbons and their prim ways while the girls were shy because they were not accustomed to being in the country. Aunt Grace and Uncle George and the girls lived in town, only three miles away but almost on the other side of the world, for Jasper seldom went to town and the others seldom came to the country.

BUT they were not shy long. "Take the girls out to see Bessie's calf," Mrs. Dorrell suggested.

"Come on," said Jasper, "She is all red but her face. It is half red and half white. We call her Half-and-half."

Jasper and the girls ran out of the house. They looked at the calf. Clara pulled its tail, then screamed when it bellowed loudly.

"Let's ride him," suggested Alice and quick as a wink she was on his back. The calf gave a lunge and she tumbled in a heap on the ground.

"Moo-oo-oo!" bellowed Bessie and came galloping from around the corner of the barn, with her head down and wickedly brandishing her horns.

"Run!" laughed Jasper, and the girls ran for the fence, and climbed over it just in time.

"Here comes Uncle Bert with a load of hay," said Alice, as they heard the farm wagon coming up the lane. Jasper ran to open the gate and Mr. Dorrell drove the load of hay up beside the barn.

The girls watched while he fastened a huge steel fork in the hay. "All right!" he yelled.

Jasper rode another horse from the barn. Behind the horse a rope slid along on the ground. Suddenly the rope tightened and the horse bent forward pulling desperately. At the same time the hay began to move, and the rope the horse was pulling lifted the huge forkful of hay high into the air through the opening at the end of the barn. There it followed a track. "Stop-er!" yelled a voice from inside of the barn. Jasper stopped. "Drop-er!" yelled the same voice. Mr. Dorrell pulled another rope beside his wagon and the huge bunch of hay dropped down into the barn loft. Jasper rode his horse back to the barn. Mr. Dorrell pulled the big fork back to his load of hay, fastened it into the hay. "All right!" he yelled again, and again Jasper rode his horse from the barn.

WHEN all the hay was off the wagon Mr. Dorrell went back to the field for another load and Jasper climbed from his horse.

"What can we do now?" asked Alice.

"Let's put up hay!" suggested Clara.

"Come on," called Alice, as she ran for the orchard gate. There under the apple trees the blue grass grew thick and high. The three went to work at it. They pulled great handfuls. When they were tired of pulling grass Jasper said, "Now, let's rake it." They broke dead limbs from the trees and raked the grass into piles. They fastened some boards together for their hay wagon and loaded it full of grass. They pulled the load under the biggest apple tree and stopped to rest. Jasper had some boards in the tree for a lookout.

"Let's play the lookout in a barn," said Alice.

"But how can we pull the hay up there?" asked Clara.

That was a problem. They sat there thinking for awhile.

"I've an idea," said Jasper, but he wouldn't tell them what it was. "Wait here," he said.

He had remembered the spools from his mother's weaving and sewing. There was a big box of them. When children came to visit, Mr. Dorrell brought the box out for the children to have for toys. Jasper filled his pockets with all sizes. One of them still had some of the cord on it. Jasper got his roll of fishing line, too.

When he returned to the orchard, the three went to

work rigging up the cord and spools until they had it fixed so they could pull up the hay to the lookout barn. Between the times Jasper had to ride the horse to pull up hay for his father, the three pulled the grass up to the lookout.

Late in the afternoon Alice said, "I'm thirsty." They went to the springhouse and Jasper dipped up cool spring water with the gourd hanging there.

"Let's watch for Papa," suggested Clara.

The three climbed up on the fence at the front of the house. They looked down the road but no one was coming.

"I can throw farther than you can," said Jasper. They threw rocks at the fence posts. Jasper could throw farther than any of them.

"Yonder comes Papa," cried Alice at last. He was riding his bicycle. They ran down the road to meet him.

"Give us a ride," they begged.

"Climb on," he said.

The girls were lifted to the handle bars. Jasper climbed on the back.

"Ready?" asked Uncle George.

"Ready!" they squealed.

Away they rode to Jasper's house.

"You got here just in time," said Mrs. Dorrell. "Run, wash up, all of you. Supper is ready."

"I wish we lived in the country," said Alice as she dipped her hands in the water.

"Me, too," agreed Clara.

Jasper thought of the town and wondered why.

Healing Family Disturbances

(From page 5.)

talk with you a minute about Bill. Somehow the boy has the notion that he doesn't want to go back to college this fall. He says he wants to get a job and then maybe he'll go back later. I'm frank to say I don't get it! He gets along well in school, and I'm able to send him. It's very important for a boy to get a college education these days if he's going to hold his own. I've gone as far as I can. But he still holds out. I've wondered, preacher, if you could talk to him."

"You feel strongly that he ought to go," suggested the pastor.

"Why, yes, of course I do. We've tried to give him every advantage. Why he doesn't want to take it is beyond me!"

But after some further conversation Mr. G. himself came out with an interesting suggestion. "Of course," he said, with the air of a man gingerly testing out a new idea, "we *may* have pushed him too much into things we thought were good for him." Having opened this possibility he followed it himself and was amazed to see how strong a probability it was. With new humility he left to approach the matter with Bill not as "he" but as "we." In time, Bill, responding to the offer of partnership, chose to return to school.

THE healing of disturbances rarely comes suddenly. Healing is a process, even as the coming of disturbance is the result of a process. The healing process seems to require of us at least these two attitudes: a willingness to see what the issue means to another, and the confession of shared responsibility.

We don't see in many homes today the once familiar sign, "Christ Is the Unseen Guest in This House." In many ways, the thought itself leaves something to be desired. A guest sees us only at our best. Christ knows us just as we are. Let him be a member of the family. When his spirit resides in rather than visits our homes upon occasion the very difficulties which arise can become "stepping stones instead of stumbling blocks."

LONG RECESSES, PLEASE

Five-year-old Paul, whose father is a minister, was getting ready for his first day at school. The family had finished breakfast and was holding its morning prayers.

"Well, son," asked father, "don't you think it would be nice to ask God that you have pleasant school days?" Paul hesitated for a moment and then replied, "Pray for long recesses, too, Dad!"

—WALTER PFEFFER.

Consider

Our Chronically Ill

By Sigmund Neuman

A FEW months ago there was a newspaper story of a man who, knowing that he was dying of cancer, refused to lead an aimless life as one chronically ill. When the doctors told him that he had no more than six months to live, he retorted, "I don't care. I must eat and my family must eat and so I have to work."

With admiration we look at this fine example of a strong will in a sick body. For the most part, the chronically ill do not muster such courage and their sickness is a tragedy for them and for their families. Even milder cases have to be given extra care. There is need for special food, too much exercise has to be avoided, draught can be dangerous, medicine and doctor bills are necessary. How much silent heroism governs the life of families where father or mother, or even a child is chronically ill! Mothers and wives, especially, carry a heavy burden. With a smiling face many an American wife stands by the sickbed of her loved one. She may work hard all day in a factory or office, in the evening rush to her household chores, and then hasten to him in the hospital.

Silent tragedies! But much strength comes to those who believe in the everlasting love and goodness of God. Strong faith in Him helps to overcome the mental strain and the suffering of the body.

There are many sufferers tied to wheelchairs, and yet, their religious way of life allows them to accept their lots cheerfully. From the wheelchairs, very soon, they are able to comfort the other members of their families.

ONE of the most striking examples of the power of a believing heart is William Booth, the great

founder of the Salvation Army. His wife became sick with cancer of the breast. Pain was raging through her body. To watch the woman suffer and be unable to help her was almost more than even William Booth could stand. With tears flowing down his face, neglecting his pressing work, he was sitting at her sickbed, day by day, night by night. He prayed with her, he comforted her, but he also joked with her taking her down memory's path to the time of their young love, making her forget pain and misery. Here, a great religious personality was able, if not to triumph over illness, to take out its sting. We, the others, can only pray to be endowed with a part of such a gift.

From thousands and thousands of sickbeds still the lament is whispered, "Oh God, make an end to my sufferings or, if this cannot be, take my life!"

However, there is in our time much more awareness of the responsibilities in the care for the chronically ill. More is done than in times gone by. Much more could be done. Millions of people could look with more confidence into the future if the world situation would not compel us to race for the atomic bomb instead of racing for the bettering of mankind through improving the plight of millions of sick people.

Nevertheless, what is done and what, step by step, may be done in a not too far future is considerable and encouraging. This will require large amounts of money. America will have to recognize the rapid increase in the number of invalids.

So the best solution is to go ahead as quickly as possible with a comprehensive program for help.

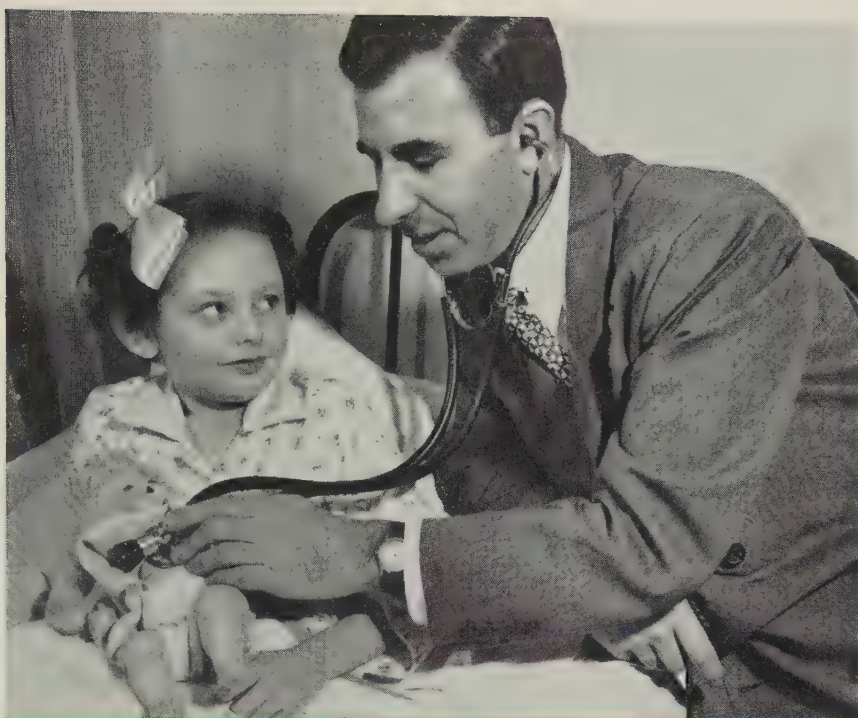
This program can be divided in three parts: Prevention, rehabilitation, and long-term care of patients. As far as prevention and rehabilitation are concerned, medical science of today is in the middle of an astonishing development. If medical research can be provided currently with more money for its work, we will witness more improvements for every kind of sickness. Today the most concentrated fight is on against heart conditions, tuberculosis, and cancer. Only recently the case of a man was given much publicity in the newspapers whose cancer (of the thyroid) was, as far as can be seen, cured by some special kind of radioactive treatment. Of course, this is an individual case. Nobody can expect that all those with thyroid cancer will be transformed into healthy persons. But medical, social and economic research are fighting together for the goal. The work done by New York's Bellevue Hospital, is a fine illustration. This department with the help of the New York Heart Association is doing some special research on heart diseases. A selected thousand persons with heart conditions are observed and permanently controlled. The purpose is to find out how much these people are able to work in various professions. The effect of this research is expected to bring about a different attitude in very many

What provisions are there for those limited or infirmed? No home is immune to accident or disease.

firms and an increased placement of people with heart complaints in industry and business. It promises to demonstrate that today's heart cases can do truly effective work, which is more than most employers expect.

This example shows how medical science is developing and discovering new fields of help. Drugs and medicine of today, together with radium, physiotherapy, nutritional advice, and others make the lot of cardiaes much more endurable than it was in the time of our fathers. And so it is with tuberculosis, diabetes and other chronic sicknesses. Articles in magazines, lectures and radio forums about medical problems, broaden knowledge about these things, carry it more and more to small town regions and to the countryside. Modern hospitals are now aware of the fact that they must find a close contact with the general public. They realize what they didn't ten years ago, that they must consider the family of a patient not as an intruder but as a helper and comrade on the way to the improvement of the patient's condition. So far, though, few hospitals put this realization into over-all practice. An increased medical and social work staff is necessary in medical institutions. They will find time to *listen* to the family of a chronically ill, talk over the problems and so gain valuable hints, details of the sickness.

And there is the other problem—long-term care for the chronically ill. At home, among their own families, there is that certain touch



A home-care doctor visits a little rheumatic heart sufferer in her home under a program set up by the local hospital.

that is often more valuable than a rare drug. While some cases call for lengthy hospitalization, there are many more cases where family and patient can benefit greatly from the comfort of staying at home. With this in mind, hospitals throughout American cities have organized a "home care" program. The hospital selects those patients who never can be cured completely but do not necessarily need hospitalization and send these patients back to their homes. Then the hospital *follows* with all its movable facilities! Blood transfusions are given in the home. Electrocardiographic tests are performed domestically on heart cases; physiotherapeutic machines and oxygen tanks are brought even to apartments.

IN NEW YORK, children stricken with rheumatic fever are now coming under home-care plan. The growth of this idea and its spread over the country will bring relief to many mothers, and comfort to their hearts. The scheme, if on a large scale, will require considerable funds but the total ideal gain of home care is worth it.

Many who are chronically ill would go to a nursing home if they could afford to. Many others would pay for being accepted in a "home for old and sick people," but the waiting lists are endless. In Chicago, an estimate showed that about 35,000 families have an invalid at home. In New York, this figure must be closer to 50,000 such families. The New York Protestant Welfare Agency has stated that there are eight nursing homes for Protestant patients in New York. Even allowing a liberal figure for the Catholic, Jewish and non-religious homes, the total is ridiculously low as compared to the number of interested families. The demand for many, many more such "Homes" all over America is generally a big one. Giant buildings are not expected. Smaller houses in friendly suburban environments where the sick really can feel at home will do.

The New York agency stated also that nursing homes in the world's largest city are still run on the pattern set in 1817! More and better trained personnel are needed not only here, but in the many

(Continued on page 30.)

How different
work is when you're going to a . . .

Vacationer's

Wonderland

By Hazel Cochran

I'LL TELL you what," said Father John to his glum family, at the breakfast table. "Everyone pitch in and help save that hay. There will still be time for a trip to Jackson and on through Yellowstone Park."

Susan and the two boys brightened at once. Truly, they had done a lot of complaining lately because they never had a vacation like other people. Susan's sister, and her husband, had recently taken the little Baptist church at Jackson. They wrote enthusiastic letters about the beauties of that part of the state and kept urging them to come over.

Although it was only two hundred and fifty miles, a few hours' drive, the summer's work on the ranch never seemed to permit even a short leave-of-absence. Several times they had planned on one, but something unexpected always happened. This time they were going!

"Save that hay" became their slogan. Drought, weevils, labor shortage and broken-down machinery threatened to put their fine herd of Herefords on starvation diet next winter. Weevils had destroyed the luxuriant alfalfa fields, for which the town Lucerne was named. Ranchers had planted brome, sudan, timothy and clover,

in desperate efforts to produce the badly needed hay.

It was August—time to start on the last crop. The two boys worked enthusiastically at mowing and raking. Susan worked in the garden, canned vegetables, cared for chickens and turkeys, and prepared meals. John took care of irrigating. Such activity! Everybody worked early and late.

Soon the hay was ready for stacking. Susan hoisted the feeble old stacker with the pickup trucks while the boys buckraked and John stacked.

Minor breakdowns occurred. John climbed patiently up and down the ladder performing miracles with bailing wire. All rejoiced to see the huge precision-built stacks taking perfect shape under John's pitchfork artistry.

"Barring accidents, we should finish by evening," John prophesied at the dinner table.

Late in the afternoon ominous storm clouds appeared. The sky darkened. Thunder roared. Lightning flashed. But finally the last load was on the stackerhead.

"I know just where I want this, Honey, so I'll put it up," said John.

It was okay with Susan.

He started easily, then speeded up, going faster and faster. The ancient, overworked stacker wheezed, groaning and creaking in every joint. He slammed its head over into a swandive. Its teeth chattered. It shook its head and trembled all over, but gracefully delivered every stem in place, perfectly topping off the stack.

THEY started on the trip the next afternoon after making arrangements for a neighbor's son to take care of the necessary chores. The faithful pickup was loaded with bedding and camp supplies.

The fertile Big Horn basin was particularly beautiful this time of year. The ripening grain, set off by the soft varying shades of green in hay fields, and bean and sugar-beet crops, was rapidly being combined. The Big Horn River, weaving through the country, could be seen distinctly for many miles, with its lovely fringe of green on either side.

To the east lay the Big Horn Mountains, blue and clear, behind the nearer hills, though seventy-five miles away. Westward, the Washakie Needles in the Owl Creek Range, sixty miles distant, still had snow in their eyes. Following the



—Millie Valentine.

river north are several flourishing towns, Worland, Basin, Greybull and Manderson—all in the Big Horn Basin.

Heading the pickup south, the first point of interest was the Big Horn Hot Spring, the world's largest. The temperature is only 135 F., although it boils up furiously from its big mouth. It flows 18,600,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. The water coats everything with many variegated colors. The overflow cascades over Angel Terraces into a perfect rainbow-colored falls, tumbling very effectively into the Big Horn River.

A short away from Thermopolis is the celebrated Wind River Canyon. At the entrance to the canyon there is the Wedding of the Waters, where the Big Horn becomes the Wind River.

This remarkable highway was hewn out of the solid granite of the mountainside, as was the railroad on the opposite side of the river.

It was a wonderful engineering feat that took years to complete.

Newcomers are overcome alternately with fright and delight with its twenty-eight miles of steep grade, curves, tunnels, and precipitous banks. The narrow gorge, where the turbulent stream gushes noisily over enormous boulders, two hundred feet below, is literally covered to the water's edge with scrubby evergreens, flowers, and brilliant rocks. The cliffs above rise to sheer, dusky heights of magnificence.

Close to the canyon is the huge Boysen Dam Reclamation project, which is under construction. It will take several years to finish. In due time it will furnish water and electric power to large territories, making the desert blossom like the rose.

The highway stretches out mile after mile through the badlands, as they head for the Shoshone Indian Reservation. It must have

been about in here that some homesick Easterner said, "Nowhere else on earth can you look so far and see so little." To the Westerner it is "the land of magnificent distances," ranking eighth in area and forty-seventh in population (2.5 persons per square mile) among the forty-eight states. Wyoming surely doesn't clutter up the view with sky-scrappers.

INDIANS on their reservations live much as other ranchers do. The girls wear make-up, waved bobbed hair, giggle, chew gum and drive expensive, shiny new cars. Many of the men speak and write good English, and read the latest magazines. Only the squaws cling tenaciously to their bright-colored blanket, even in the hottest weather.

The travelers ate supper at Dubois, then started climbing toward the Continental Divide, at Tog-

(Continued on page 30.)

Toys that

Maim and Kill

By Billee Eckert Martin

ONE of the practices of the times most worthy of blame is the giving of firearms to young children or adolescents. Allowed to handle rifles, guns, and other deadly weapons, to own them as "toys," young people throughout the country are piling up a toll of suffering and tragedy that is a shameful indictment against those adults and parents responsible for their care and upbringing.

Scarcely a day goes by but the newspapers tell of someone being maimed, blinded or even killed by a firearm in irresponsible, youthful hands. Sometimes it is the young gun owner himself. In many instances it is some other person that is the innocent victim.

It is nearly always accidental, yes. But the results are just as final as if the act were intentional.

Granted that not all guns in the hands of youngsters inflict death or injury to human beings, yet there are few of them not put to some wrong and harmful usage. Give a child a gun, and, reasonably enough, he is going to shoot something. Tin cans on a fence serve as targets for a while, but street lights soon offer more interesting objects of marksmanship. Windows are smashed, automobile tires punctured, garbage cans riddled, and other property violations committed, all with danger to human lives directly involved.

In time, shooting at inanimate objects will grow stale, and the youthful gun owner will rise to the challenge of living, moving targets. That these targets are also capable of feeling and suffering will be of but secondary importance. Not only will helpless animal creatures lose their unoffending lives, but something else infinitely precious will be lost. There will be a spiritual loss to the boy who wields the gun, a breaking down of the good instincts of compassion and consideration and love for all living beings which hinder the forming of Christian character.

CERTAINLY no mother and father wish to contemplate the possibility that their child may fall victim of his own death-dealing "toy." Scarcely less awful to consider is the thought of that child killing or maiming another person.

Nor should any thoughtful, right-thinking parent countenance the destruction of public or private property by a child with a gun. To allow a child to grow up without proper respect for the rights of others

is but poor training for good citizenship. And without any shadow of a doubt, to allow a child to become inured and hardened to the suffering and death of helpless little animal creatures is what one wants to avoid as he teaches that child to be a good Christian. Christianity is founded on principles of gentleness, kindness, compassion, love of all beings, and not on cruelty, violence and destruction.

Along this same direction, the weightiest consideration should be given to the fact that a child who at an early age learns disregard for animal life and suffering may, as he grows older, very possibly hold those same two *human* qualities lightly. The gun may be the first step toward juvenile delinquency, and crime of a much more serious nature in his adult life.

All aspects of the case considered, every thinking parent or adult in charge of a growing child or adolescent should take a firm and positive stand against the use of potential instruments of death, in whatever form, being used as "toys." The excuse may be offered that the gun is only an air rifle, a "cat rifle," or a weapon of extremely low calibre. No matter. These are still firearms, not only capable of, but in a sad number of cases *guilty* of maiming and killing. Knives come under equally dangerous category, as does any instrument that can inflict serious injury or death. These things *are not toys*, and no sensible, sane-minded adult can justify their being so labeled.

What is the answer? Many parents would honestly like to know. They agree that junior ought not have that rifle. It worries them constantly, even though junior promised to "be careful" with it. But he teased so hard that eventually they gave in. What should they have done? What should other parents do in like situations?

IT MIGHT be a good idea to try to analyze junior's reasons for wanting a gun. In the first place, owning a gun gives a boy a sense of power, there is no question about that. A boy who possessed no other qualities about which he could feel superior, might get that sense of superiority from owning a gun. Owning a gun makes a boy feel daring, big, adventurous. It stimulates his imagination. It gives him something to swagger about.



—H. Armstrong Roberts.

boy, a dog, and a gun . . . an unloaded gun . . . the kind
kills. Maybe you'll read about an "accident" with one
in today's paper.

There is nothing wrong with that pattern. It is a rather normal one of boyhood. But a gun is not the right answer for it. Something else must be provided to give him that feeling of superiority, to stimulate his imagination, to appeal to his sense of adventure, to challenge him, and to make him proud. A gun is a destructive answer. A constructive one must be supplied.

One wise set of parents found it for their two sons. The boys, thirteen and fifteen, gave their parents a lot of concern. They simply could not be held by sedentary pursuits. They played with knives, sling-shots, and they clamored constantly for guns. Combining love and ingenuity, their parents converted a once attractive basement party room to a gymnasium for the boys, complete with punching bag and stand.

The boys took to it like ducks to water. With many of their friends they box, they wrestle, and squirm and tumble about in noisy but wholesome hilarity. And once in awhile a bloody nose is the result, a cheap price for the clean bodies they are building, and the spirit of fair sportsmanship they are developing. There is no more talk about owning rifles.

No boy who has the proud knowledge that he is a skillful boxer has need of a gun to bolster his ego.

The basement gymnasium has done something else. It has brought the boys a lot closer to their dad, who, not too strangely, has taken a slightly more than spectator interest in the activities.

Another mother and father have found a saving solution in channeling their three boys into Scout activities. These boys, especially the two older ones, were definitely inclined to be wild, and hard to handle. They constantly demanded rifles, asserting that the "other fellows" all had them, and that they would not stand to be called "sissies." The younger brother, out of admiration for the two older boys, was more amenable to their influence than to that of the distraught parents.

Scout work did the trick for these boys. The two older ones are Scouts, the younger one a Cub. They are willing to concede that there is nothing "sissy" about the Scouts. They have taken to the work with zeal, and are profiting greatly from the entailed disciplining of their over-reckless natures. The hero worship they once extended to older, "tougher" boys with guns is now directed toward their scoutmaster, whom they consider a "regular fellow" and the personification of all the manly virtues. Certainly he is, by precept and counsel, proving a fine influence on these once unruly boys. The youngest boy, wrapped up in his Cub activities, shows less tendency to emulate his brothers, and is developing more fully his own personality.

If this serious parental problem faces you, perhaps you can get a clue to its solution from one of these cases. If not, then you must, out of your great love for your child, and your own ingenuity, somehow find the key to providing a counterattraction for the vicious, destructive toys that may do him and others so much harm. It is one of the serious tests of parenthood.

Be mindful of the fact that the closer the bond of companionship between you and your child, the more receptive he will be to guidance and suggestions from you. Be ever alert to the company your child keeps. Begin at an early age to direct his interests into constructive pursuits. Teach him from infancy to respect the property rights of others. Teach him that even as a child he has responsibilities. Children thrive on that knowledge. Ground your child with an interest in good books, music, religion, church activities, humane ideals, and see to it that he has an early introduction to some form of wholesome organized youth activities.

Do not, through easy complaisance, or mistaken parental indulgence, close your eyes to the dangers of allowing your child to play with or "practice" with a potential weapon of death. A lethal weapon is no safe toy for any child or adolescent, and you know it! If you indulge your child in his whim, you are instigating and sponsoring a menace not only to the physical and spiritual welfare of your own child, but to society at large! Surely, such is not your desire!

How Not to Be Lonesome

(From page 11.)

every individual's having a great faith, and a hobby or avocation.

For what it may be worth to those who find themselves overwhelmed with loneliness and boredom, I offer a few suggestions that have proved helpful to some people I know who have to wrestle with this problem. We need to keep in mind, however, that any cure for boredom will depend on spiritual resources within.

I have a friend who is obliged to be much away from home in earning a living for himself and his family. He is a traveling salesman. He has from the beginning been interested in his work and has made a success of it. However, loneliness and boredom almost got the best of him.

His family worried about him lest he "go to the dogs," and that is exactly what he did! Three years ago he came interested in, of all things, beagle hounds. He bought a pair and put them in his back yard and began raising them as a hobby. He bought every book on the market that had any information on beagle hounds. He found, to his surprise, that many of the towns in his territory had beagle hound enthusiasts in them.

Now when he is stuck in one of these places for a night or two, he looks up someone who has beagle hounds and spends many happy hours talking and running dogs. He has become an authority on them, and is often a judge at dog shows. He no longer dreads going to the small towns to peddle his wares, but looks forward to visiting many of the places he once despised.

H. I. is another man who capitalized on his solitude and cured loneliness.

Several years ago his business left him stranded in a small town in Michigan over a week end. On Saturday he whiled away a few hours in the library but at 6 o'clock the library closed and threw him back on himself with nothing to do. He went to the

small theater Saturday night for a show. Sunday morning he went to church. Sunday afternoon there was nothing to do and he knew no one in town.

He was at his wit's end. Among some books on the table in the rooming house where he was staying, he found a French grammar. He had studied French in high school and college but had forgotten most of it.

On this Sunday, with nothing to do, he opened the French grammar and began to review it. He found it so fascinating that the next day when he packed his bag and started to leave, he asked the landlady if he might take the grammar. During the past several years he has so thoroughly mastered the French language, both conversational and literary, that today he is working on a translation of a French classic. He is no longer bored.

MMARGARET B. is a housewife with a small child. Her husband's work takes him away from home several nights a week. Before her marriage she had worked in a busy office and shared an apartment with another girl. She had never been alone. Even with a small child she doesn't have enough to do. She has organized her work in her small apartment and finds herself bored with no outlet on the long winter days and evenings when she is forced to stay at home, just killing time until her husband comes.

When she came to me for advice she was almost at the point of desperation. In the course of our conversation I learned that she had a smattering of journalism in college. Remembering the many happy hours I had spent writing in the jungles of New Guinea during the war, I suggested that she try it too.

She took the advice with reservations and started to work. So far she has not sold a story, but she spends every spare moment writing and loves it. The last time I talked with her she said, "You know, if I never make a penny out of writing, it has been worth a million dollars to me in personal satisfaction."

While I was serving as an army chaplain in the Philippines during the war, I became acquainted with a man who had been a prisoner of the Japanese on Luzon. He told of the empty and futile feeling that came as he sat in solitary confinement with nothing to do, seemingly, but wait his turn to starve and die.

While in desperation the old saying, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," took on a new meaning for him. He reached out in his loneliness toward God, and found that life, even in solitary confinement, took on a new meaning when he asked God to be his guest.

When I think of these and others whom I know who have gone through the struggle and have found their way out, it makes me wish I could have known Mrs. Lillian J. before she took the fatal step. A few months ago I was asked by her brother to officiate at her funeral. She was a beautiful woman of 40 who seemingly had everything to live for.

Her husband died about a year before, leaving her financially secure. Naturally his death was a shock, but not enough of a shock to overthrow a person of strong character. After the death of her husband she moved to New York and lived in a hotel. It was a lonely life and she didn't make friends easily. The only companion she had was her dog. She had no dominant interest in life. Life became unbearable to her. She took an overdose of sleeping pills. Her brother said to me before the funeral, "She died of loneliness. She was bored to death."

Jesus said, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Jesus lived for others. His every act was for others. I interpret his words to mean that if we are to lose our lives for his sake, we must expend them for others. Many of us become bored because we think too much of ourselves and not enough of others.

Loneliness can be dangerous. But it isn't a disease. It's a symptom. And God is always ready to help us get at the real trouble and cure it.

Copyright 1950, *The Lutheran*. Reprinted by permission.

A delightful picture of happy family life is drawn in **The Secret of the Whispering Willow** by Harriet Evatt (Bobbs-Merrill, 282 pages, \$2.00). The story is laid in the small village of St. Famille on the Island of Orleans in the St. Lawrence River. The large family makes a busy household but it is a merry one. There are problems, too, and a mystery which add to the interest. As the mystery is solved, it brings happiness and joy to all concerned. *The Secret of the Whispering Willow* has humor, charm and suspense which juniors will love.

The continual presence of God in the world is the theme of **Always There Is God**, written by Robbie Trent and illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell (Abingdon-Cokesbury, unpagged, \$2.00). The present-day creation in nature and human life is also emphasized. On facing pages are the words of the author and the Bible words on which they are based. Almost all of the 48 pages have large two-color pictures. The author's use of the words "God was making . . ." and "God is making . . ." seem to this reviewer to be unfortunate. They smack too much of an assembly-line process to give real understanding of God's plan for his world. In every other way this is a delightful book.

One of the Bible's most colorful adventure sagas has just been published (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 192 pages, \$2.00). It is **The Story of Joseph**, by Josephine Sanger Lau and illustrated by Edward and Stephani Godwin. The Bible account is faithfully followed, and supplemented with additional details of life in that far-off time and place. The familiar scenes are graphically presented—the favored son, envied by his brothers, betrayed, sold into slavery, rising to power, and eventually meeting and forgiving his brothers and welcoming them, with his father, into a life of plenty. Children of junior age will enjoy this book. Or a family will enjoy reading it aloud.

The Lord Is My Shepherd, by Nancy Barnhart (Charles Scribner's Sons, 263 pages, \$4.50) is a retelling of many of the stories of the Bible, simply and briefly, in clear modern speech, yet closely following the King James Version. The art work, by the author, is outstanding. Although all of it is in black and white, it has action, movement and authenticity. The pictures were sketched in Palestine, in museums, and directly from ancient statues and relics. This book is not for young children. Older juniors and those above this age, as well as adults, will enjoy this book.

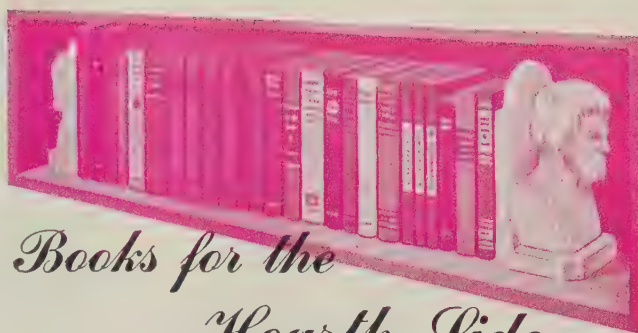
Boys and girls who are interested in nature study will enjoy **In Woods and Fields**, by Margaret Waring Buck (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 96 pages, \$1.75). The result of years of first-hand observation and study, it is as accurate as if it had

been written and illustrated for scientists. The contents are under four general divisions, according to the seasons. Each describes the flowers, insects, birds and animals that one may expect at that season of the year. In addition there is an excellent bibliography in the back of the book.

Many children have difficulty in reading the Bible. The small print, unfamiliarity in reading a two-column page and the strangeness of biblical language combine to rob many children of the thrill of the Bible's



FROM LAU'S "STORY OF JOSEPH"
(ABINGDON-COKESBURY) COPYRIGHT.



Books for the Hearth Side

exciting stories. **A Promise to Keep**, by James D. Smart (Westminster Press, 224 pages, \$2.50), eliminates these difficulties. Here the stories are condensed, written in popular English and are illustrated with pictures in both four-color and black and white by J. M. Swanson. Juniors will read these Bible stories with delight.

Woman's Home Companion Household Book, edited by Henry Humphrey (Published by P. F. Collier and Son Corp., New York, 929 pages, price \$4.95).

This book is a joy and delight in every way. Its printing and binding will please all who take pleasure in well-printed, excellently bound books. Its content will delight all homemakers who are interested in putting their homes on a high plane of attractiveness and practical usefulness. Its thirty-one chapters deal extensively with nearly every aspect of equipping, arranging, decorating, repairing, financing, heating, lighting, and providing safety measures in a home. It is lavishly illustrated, containing eight four-page picture stories, many of which are in full color. There are 29 full pages of half-tone plates plus 300 line drawings illustrating the text. The book is equally as valuable to the man as to the lady of the house.

Here is a valuable gift for a newly married couple which they will prize highly and use appreciatively over the years. It is equally as inspiring for a couple whose children have grown up and who are ready to take a new look at their home.

Elmtown's Youth, by A. B. Hollingsworth (Published by John Wiley and Sons, Inc., New York. 480 pages, price, \$5.00).

Do the adolescents of your family and your community puzzle you? Although no single book can answer all the questions which can be raised about these young people of ours, here is one volume that will go a long way in that direction. It is written by an associate professor of sociology at Yale University. He and his wife lived for a year in a Midwestern town in preparing this study. Seven hundred and thirty-five adolescents of the community provide the raw material with which they worked and out of which they present their conclusions as to just what makes teen-agers click.

The book contains five parts, the first of which is largely statistical and deals with the research problem the author set for himself and the procedures used. This section can be overlooked by anyone not interested in the technical angle of the problem.

Part II sets "The Social Scene" and is a study of the community which makes its impact upon adolescents. An interesting discussion of the prestige structure of an average town or city and the cultural characteristics of five distinct classes of community life is included.

Part III presents the activities of the high school age young people and their life in the community. Part IV deals with the out-of-school adolescent with his problems of work, leisure, sex, and marriage. Part V contains the summary and the conclusions of the study.

Parents will find this book valuable. If they do not buy it for themselves they should urge their church or public library to secure it. A careful reading of its pages will result in a better understanding of adolescents and what they face.

Family Counselors

Question: My husband and I have been divorced for sometime. We have two children. Since my husband pays as little as he can get by with and sometimes not at all, do I have to grant him visitation? Also, is it right for me to accept aid from the children's Sunday school teacher when their own father makes a good salary but refuses to properly support the children?

Answer: Many parents get confused on what their individual duties are toward their children when a divorce has been granted. Let us take the matter of visitation first because that is your responsibility. Anyone with a "get even" attitude will say, "deny visitation if he doesn't pay." Even many courts would not force you to grant visitation without adequate support. But in most decrees the court makes an order regarding visitation as well as support. Then technically, if you fail to see that the order regarding visitation is properly carried out, you are in contempt of court. Because your ex-husband is wrong, another wrong will not make the situation right.

Never put yourself in a position whereby your children can, now or at any other time, question your motives.

Counselors' Dilemma

Hearthstone's Family Counselors are running out of problems. If this indicates that *Hearthstone* readers are without anxieties or difficulties, that's fine! We will gladly devote the space to other material. However, we don't really think that all problems are solved, so write today. Without your letters Family Counselors cannot be continued.

If your ex-husband is not complying with his court order, do not let the matter run on until the arrearage becomes so great that it would be impossible for him to meet the total. Do either one of two things: Have your attorney file contempt charges against him which will bring the matter directly to the judge's attention; or go to the non-support department of the court of the county in which the children are living. Non-support departments will make every effort to clear the problem for you with no added cost of attorney fee. It does take longer as a rule because non-support departments are usually understaffed for the case load they carry.

Further details would be necessary to offer adequate advice as to your accepting aid from the children's Sunday school teacher. Maybe a feeling of pride on your part is the main reason why you question accepting this aid. In the first place, their teacher would not be offering any kind of aid if she did not have a genuine feeling of love and interest in your children. Of course, no one wants to feel he is accepting a donation or relief, but if you will only express gratitude to the teacher for her willingness to help, you can very soon ascertain her attitude.

My guess would be that she will offer not only material aid but spiritual guidance. Every broken home needs a deepening in spiritual support if children are to grow up without serious scars. Children need much security and true friendship. Teach them to be grateful that a Sunday school blesses their lives with an ever-deepening perception of support both material and spiritual. If you accept the spiritual good offered by the teacher, the material will be met.

D. F.



Dorothy
Faust



Elizabeth
N. Jones

Question: We have a five-year-old son who has no one his age to play with. All the children in our neighborhood are much older or just babies. How can I help him learn to share and play fairly when he must constantly be either giving in to a little one or trying to hold his own with the big boys?

Answer: This does seem like a problem to us who have heard so often of the desirability of helping our children to share, etc. But actually it is the very situation our grandmothers faced with their large families isolated on farms some distance from other farm families. In those days all ages had to play and work together, and they made their social adjustments within the family circle. So I think your five-year-old can learn to share with his baby sister almost as well as he could with another five-year-old, and certainly you can insist that the older ones help him to learn to play fairly by being fair and kind to him themselves.

However, as it is desirable to have playmates of one's own age, why don't you invite his kindergarten friends home to play from time to time? On your outings to the zoo, or the park, or shopping, include another friend. Take him to Sunday school where he will have an hour or two of guided activity and study with children of his own age. And cheer up. Your problem will be lessened as soon as he is in first grade at school, and spends the mornings and afternoons there.

E. N. J.

"Aw, it's raining! What shall we do now?"

How many mothers have despaired when their children have said this on a summer's day? And yet, just because a day is rainy, it does not have to be dreary. A rainy day is an ideal day for listening to records. Here are some to satisfy the yearnings of several different ages. (These are all 78 rpm.)

Let's Play Animals (Allegro JR-8). One 10-inch record.

This is a participation record for very small children, two to three years old. It can be used with older children, too, but is particularly good for the age when children are just beginning to recognize the noises and sounds of animals. One side has songs to interest the children in imitating an elephant, a bunny, a kitty, and a puppy. The other side gives the sounds of a cat, dog, cow, chicken, duck, and horse for the children to identify and then a song about each.

Bells of Calais (Young People's YPR-710). One 10-inch record.

"Frere Jacques," the well-known French nursery rhyme, has been made into a story for four- to six-year-olds. The activities as a town awakens will fascinate the children.

The Little Engine That Could (Victor Y341 and Y318). Two 10-inch records.

Paul Wing, who makes some excellent records for children, has done this one in the four- to six-year group. The story is one that takes advantage of the children's interest in trains. It can, also, by stretching the imagination of older folks, be used as an example of a good Samaritan story. A freight engine, carrying toys from Hither to Yon, breaks down. Several engines pass by but refuse to help. Finally, a little blue engine comes along. He is not sure whether or not he can pull the train over the mountain, but he tries, and he can.

The Doll in the Grass and The Lad and the North Wind (Victor V-356). Two 10-inch records.

Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen both adapts and narrates stories for children. She uses no musical accompaniment, but this is not missed in her recordings. These two, for children six to nine, are typical folk tales.

Herman Ermine in Rabbit Town (Mercury MMP-AA1). Three 10-inch records.

Dissension among the white and black rabbits of Rabbit Town is caused by Fenimore Fox, who tells the rabbits that white ones are superior to black and vice versa. But Herman Ermine clears up the trouble by showing them all that he is white in winter and dark

in summer, and remains the same person. The narration is by John Garfield. The tolerance message may not be understood by all the children when they first hear the record, but when and if the question should arise, the story would be a good illustration of equality of color. (For children six to nine.)

Hansel and Gretel (Columbia MM-632). Four 12-inch records.

Comments on the first record introduce this shortened version of Humperdinck's opera, which is better for children than the complex original. The cast includes Basil Rathbone, Jane Powell, Ted Donaldson, and others, with the Carmen Dragon orchestra. (For children six to nine.)

Songs of Safety (Decca A-543). Three 10-inch records.

Frank Luther sings melodic and rhythmic songs teaching children to be careful. It is not wise, however, to stress the songs containing ideas that may never have occurred to the children. The songs could easily have the opposite effect to that desired. (For six- to nine-year-olds.)

Winnie the Pooh (Decca CU-109). One 12-inch record.

Frank Luther sings songs taken from A. A. Milne's very popular book of a child's life. If possible, have the book on hand for the children to read. (For the six- to nine-year-olds.)

David and Goliath (Signature C-2). Two 10-inch records.

The narration is by Victor Jory and follows closely the Bible story. The songs and background music are only fair. (For children nine to twelve.)

Tales of Ancient Heroes (Majestic M9). Three 10-inch records.

Lew Ayres tells stories of Bible heroes, including Daniel, David and the King, David and Goliath, Noah, and the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. The stories are well told although some are too short. (For nine- to twelve-year-olds.)

Little Songs on Big Subjects (Vox VSP-306). Three 10-inch records.

These catchy tunes present the message of tolerance and world harmony forcefully and entertainingly. They include:

The Spinning Wheel

"What Makes a Good American?" "Columbus Said, 'Si, Si Signor,'" "I've Got a Church," "Thirteen Colonies," "It Could Be a Wonderful World," "I'm Proud to Be Me," "Brown-skinned Cow," "Close Your Eyes," "Traveling Broadens One," "The Poor Old World," "Ol' Commodore Gray," "American Hymn." (For use with children nine to twelve.)

Bach 200th Anniversary Album (Victor DM-243). Five 12-inch records.

Grownups are often restless on rainy days, too, so here's an album to interest them. This is especially fitting this summer, as this year is being celebrated as Bach's 200th anniversary. The album, composed of selections transcribed and conducted by Leopold Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra, contains the following: Chaconne, Nun Komm', Der Heiden Heiland (Come, Redeemer), Adagio (from "Tocatta in C Minor"), Siciliano (from "Sonata for Violin and Cembalo in C Minor"), Komm', Susser Tod (Come, Sweet Death, from "Geistliche Lieder), Sarabande (from "Third English Suite for Piano").

Penny Whistle (Young People's YPR-609). One 10-inch record.

Through an interesting story, children are taught that seven tones make up the scale and that combinations of these make a tune. With a little encouragement, the four- to six-year-olds can be led to experiment for themselves. Also, they will begin to notice more carefully the sounds around them, for the story tells of a little boy who discovers the notes of the scale in everyday sounds about him: the clang of a frying pan, a truck, a frog, a cricket, and a bird.

Ring Around the Rosy and Other Singing Games (Allegro JE 3). One ten-inch record.

Six activity songs which will stimulate the children to play games. They include Ring Around the Rosy; Pease Porridge Hot; Run My Pony Run; The Farmer in the Dell; The Parade; Cobbler, Cobbler, Mend My Shoe. (For four- to six-year-olds.)

Vacationer's Wonderland

(From page 23.)

wotee Pass, 9658 feet above sea level. A heavy black cloud hung over the mountains. It began to rain. Tommie got in the cab with John and Susan. Jack protected himself by rolling up in a tarp in the back.

The roadbed was in bad shape—being repaired. As they approached the summit it was raining hard. The road was slick and dangerous. Finally, almost at the dividing of the waters, the car skidded. John struggled to hold it to the road, and slow down. "I can't stop it," he warned them.

"It will be all right," Susan remarked confidently, trying to calm him.

They went plunging madly down the steep grade, gathering momentum. Susan remembered praying. The steep canyon walls extended thousands of feet downward. The pickup overturned, starting four of God's children into the abyss. A stronger arm than John's seemed to swerve it to the left, check its speed, and gently turn it over a shallow shelf on the upgrade side. It settled in the soft turf, near a small lake. Susan's door sprung open, rolling her and Tommie, candy, shoes, hats, all into the muddy undergrowth.

They were dazed but unhurt. God had proved His comfort and strength, a very present help in trouble. Soon kind men helped them reload and get on the highway.

THE WINDSHIELD was shattered, and the top of the cab caved in, but they limped toward Jackson, 87 miles away.

It wasn't long until they ran out of the storm. A wide valley opened up, and 50 miles away, it was sunset on the Grand Teton, bursting forth with radiance only the Master Painter could produce. It was a foretaste of heavenly glory—truly a mountaintop experience for them. With grateful hearts they thanked God for His goodness.

They rejoiced to see the lights of Jackson and soon were enjoying the comforts of the parsonage and a wonderful reunion with their sis-

ter and brother-in-law. They spent the week end getting acquainted with the church folks and viewing the beauties of nature. Fellowship in two services on the Lord's Day, hearing fine expository sermons from their brother-in-law again, singing praise to God, these new friends were close brothers and sisters in the Lord.

After several days, the pickup was repaired and the two families started for the park. Jenny Lake was their first love. It's a perfect jewel, hidden from the highway by dense growth of timber. So crystal clear is it, it reminds one of a diamond in a superb setting. The majestic Tetons rise abruptly from its opposite shore nearly 14,000 feet, and from the reflection in the blue water, it's hard to tell which is real.

Not far away, Jackson Lake, large and lovely, also has a Teton background.

There was a steady stream of cars. Thousands of people from all over the world vacation here, for this is the Wonderland Playground in the Western World.

Approaching the south entrance to the park, they followed the Jackson Lake shoreline for miles; then in the park after a few miles, Lewis

Lake came into view; then Shoshone Lake; soon, to the right was Yellowstone Lake. Another place of interest was the geyser area, with Old Faithful the most dependable, spouting about every sixty-three minutes, never failing. The many others are irregular, some every few minutes, others going for days, months, and even years between performances.

From Inspiration Point they saw a view of the Grand Canyon about two miles in length, and a thousand feet down to the river, rivaling the rainbow in color. At Artist's Point they got an overpowering look at the Yellowstone Falls, where the river plunges 308 feet (nearly twice that of Niagara).

After several days of camping, hiking, fishing, and boating their thoughts began to turn homeward. They said good-bye to their relatives at the Cody, or east entrance, thanking them for their wonderful guidance and splendid time together.

Before long, familiar landmarks appeared. Home was now the desired destination. After all there's no place like home. That's why they left it, and why they were going back!

Our Chronically Ill

(From page 21.)

other areas of service for the chronically ill, be it in a hospital, or in the individual home. In private homes there is an urgent need for more efficient housekeeping personnel.

THIS is the roughly sketched situation as it exists today. Light and shadow, but much hope. Considerable worth-while effort is at work, many promises of American medical science are given for the future.

All the achievements we are hoping for can, of course, take place only if the funds are available. This money, however, will represent one of the best investments the state or federal government or private charity can make.

Let us be quite clear about one thing. Money *alone* cannot make it! Nor can science do the trick if only the brain and not the heart is invested. A man like Albert Schweitzer, famed medico-humanitarian to dark Africa, had little money for his work, and yet he did astonishingly wonderful things in his African hospital. A German Protestant minister, Wilhelm Loehe, had practically no money when he set out to build one of the greatest welfare organizations, known as "Neuendettelsau," a "university of mercy" as it was called. William Booth started the Salvation Army on nothing. America can solve the problem of more thorough care for her sick and chronically ill if she utilizes the forces of love and mercy, the forces of religion, instead of asking again and again, "Where will we find the money for this?"

Transition

(From page 13.)

"No, I don't believe the phone has rung once all afternoon. Oh, yes. Lottie called about the club meeting being postponed, but that's all."

Then the loud ringing of the telephone trilled into the room, and Janie turned and bolted wildly through the door and through the dining room into the hall, dropping herself to the second stairstep and snatching up the telephone almost with one motion.

"Hello!" she said, breathlessly.

"Hi!" It was Brad's voice, so beautiful, so dear, so longed-for.

"Watcha doin'?"

"Oh, nothing. Going to eat dinner pretty soon. What're you doing?"

"Packin'." His voice had sounded merely bored, but when he spoke again it was with a note of annoyance. "About the dance tomorrow night, I suppose you want me to haul you out there."

And before she could open her lips to reply, the realization came

to her, clearly and surely, that this was not for her; whatever affection he had ever felt for her had died somewhere along the way, and this bored toleration could not serve as a substitute; and her own feeling for him was too precious to be kicked to death in this way.

Still holding the telephone, she stood up tall and straight, wearing her newborn dignity like a jeweled coronet. Her voice was quite steady as she said, "Why, no, Brad. I knew you'd be busy packing and seeing everybody before you leave, so I hadn't planned to go. I have to go now—Mother's calling me. 'Bye.'"

She replaced the telephone in its cradle and walked down the hall out onto the front porch, and stood with her hands resting on the railing, her face still as she watched the big trees bow in the summer wind. She did not cry, but in her heart was the unutterable sadness that comes with the first touch of maturity.

She stood quietly for a long time, and then whispered, "Well, that's that."

And the big trees bowed again.

Biblegram Solution

(See page 6.)

"My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him." (1 John 3: 18-19)

A. Twenty	M. Bathed
B. Needy	N. Farther
C. Wreath	O. Habit
D. Horror	P. Abound
E. Enough	Q. Shrill
F. Meteors	R. Well
G. Count	S. Nature
H. Mounted	T. Think
I. Rival	U. Intense
J. Friend	V. Toiled
K. Hunted	W. Suite
L. Whales	

A DEAD GIVEAWAY

Opportunity knocked but once

Till it met with a suggestion;

Now it merely rings the phone,

And asks a silly question!

—ETHEL HAVENS

HOPEFUL HERBERT

BY KAULEE



Hopeful Herbert knows that people who are hungry, cold and ill, Can't do much to guard their freedom or to thwart a tyrant's will; So he's sure that all our chances for a just and lasting peace, Will be better when the food supplies of war-torn lands increase.



That's why Herbie is so happy that the U.N.'s F.A.O.* Works with men of many nations to improve the food they grow, And that through the far-flung program of the W.H.O.** Many vital drugs and vaccines get to folks who need them so.

* F.A.O.—United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization



Herbie sees how much depends on every U.N. agency, Bringing health and hope and courage to our friends across the sea, And he's certain that tomorrow will be even brighter yet, If we help to speed the efforts of the U.N. alphabet.

** W.H.O.—United Nations World Health Organization

Herbie's always up to date on what the U. N. wants to do, For he knows that with your backing, the U. N. can work for you.



Over the Back Fence

This Is It!

The August issue of *Hearthstone* comes out as a joint publication of the American Baptist Publication Society and the Christian Board of Publication. This is not a new venture or a unique innovation. It is simply another step forward in a process of cooperation in publishing that has been going on for many years.

Not many months ago President Truman remarked in a message to the National Catholic Conference on Family Life:

"The church's inexhaustible resources make her a bulwark against forces inimical to the family and at the same time an unfailing support of everything that is for its betterment."

No better statement could be made of the purpose for which *Hearthstone* came into existence. It strives to be the channel through which some of the inexhaustible resources of the church are funneled into the life of the home to strengthen the family against invading powers that would break it down. It attempts to provide enrichment material that will make for better home life as an effective instrument in nurturing Christian character and living.

The editorial staff which is listed on the inside front cover of this issue covets the privilege and opportunity of serving you to the utmost of its ability. Will you let us know how we can best be of use to you?

Some "Sobering" Statistics

According to the figures for 1944, the latest available as this is written, there were then 482,033 retail outlets for beverage alcohol in the United States. This total means that there was one retail liquor outlet for every twelve farms and one outlet for every eighty homes.

Furthermore in our land there were approximately:

- One and a fourth outlets for every grocery store
- Two outlets for every filling station
- Two and a half liquor retail outlets for every school
- Two and a third outlets for every church
- Two and a half liquor stores for every restaurant

Four and a half saloons for every clothing store
Eight taverns for every automobile dealer
Eleven booze joints for every confectionery store
Thirty-three dispensers of the cup that jeers for every jewelry store.¹

Does anyone believe that the picture is any better in 1950? The chances are that it will be worse until Christian people make some conscious efforts to make it better.

Had Your Vacation?

Many of you have already spent your period of vacation from your regular occupation. A great many will spend the month of August or a part of it seeking rest, recreation, and refreshment in a thousand different ways. *Hearthstone* has attempted to make some constructive suggestions about vacations in earlier issues. Here is one last word.

Don't take a vacation from church attendance! Even though you are away from home, make plans to attend church somewhere when you go vacationing. Besides the need which you and your family have of regular church worship there are other values in such church attendance.

Since you are away from home you will have an opportunity to see how work is carried on in other church schools and other worship services. You will gain both inspiration and suggestions for your own church activities at home.

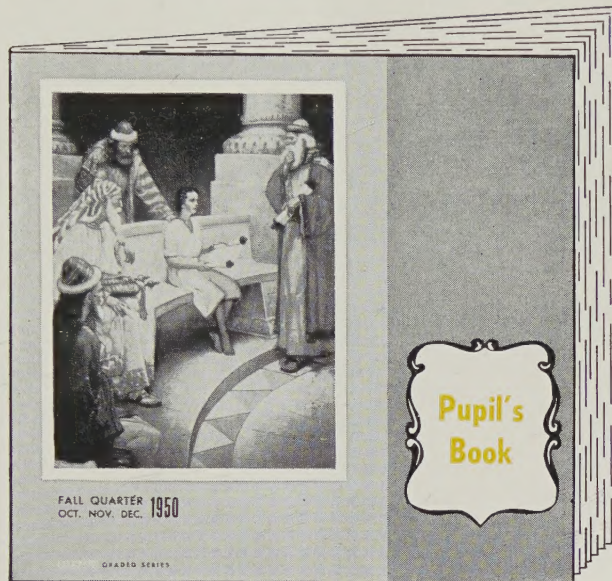
Occasionally attend some church other than one of your own communion. If a Baptist, why not attend the services of a Christian church? If affiliated with the Disciples of Christ, why not worship with a Baptist congregation? And certainly, once in awhile, why not both Disciples and Baptists attend the services of some entirely different church fellowship? Most of us know too little about our religious neighbors. Wider acquaintance will remove some misunderstandings and some prejudices.

So, *Hearthstone* urges you to go to church on your vacation!

¹Figures taken from Statistical Abstract of the United States, for the year 1948.

Completely New

First-Year Primary Graded Lessons for the Fall Quarter of 1950



This fall completely new first-year Primary Graded Lessons will be introduced in church schools. Because materials for use in the home are an integral part of the new course for six-year-olds, parents will be interested in hearing about them and the responsibility of home and church.

FOR USE IN THE HOME

One of the most significant changes in the new course will be a 48-page pupil's booklet for each quarter instead of leaflets. This colorful, lavishly illustrated book, intended for use in the home, will make Bible stories live. Also included in the book are memory verses, prayers, poems, songs and other enrichment material.

An illustrated, eight-page "Message to Parents" will help parents plan for religious experiences in the home and know what the church school is doing for their child.

FOR PREPARING LESSONS

The teacher's book will include suggestions for use where there is only one Primary class, plans for two-hour sessions, explicit instructions on creative use of "Activity Materials," information on how to use film strips and slides, etc.

FOR USE IN CLASS

There will be large "Picture Sets" for class use each quarter and packets of "Activity Materials" for extended morning sessions and home use.

Prices of New Materials

Pupil's Book.....	25 cents each per quarter
Teacher's Quarterly.....	45 cents each per quarter
Message to Parents.....	4 cents each per quarter
Picture Sets.....	\$1.50 per set per quarter
Activity Materials.....	18 cents per set per quarter

Include These Materials in Your Regular Quarterly Order!

A Guide to Family Reading



PROVEN GUIDE for individual and family DEVOTIONS

In thousands of Christian homes, The SECRET PLACE wears the look of a familiar friend. Issued quarterly it contains a meditation, a verse of Scripture and a prayer for every day of the year. Each contribution is based on a challenging thought or deep experience of the writer. Individual subscriptions (four quarterly issues mailed post-paid) 50 cents a year; cash with order. In quantities of five or more sent to the same address, 10 cents each.

D

O you still cling to that grand family custom of reading aloud despite the distractions of present-day living? The artificialities of modern mass entertainment offer no adequate substitute for the quiet sharing of inspired literature in the intimacy of the home circle, when thoughts are directed in a common groove and family bonds are strengthened.

Ideal for this purpose are HEARTHSTONE, the vibrant new Christian magazine, and THE SECRET PLACE, beloved devotional quarterly. Enjoy them by your own fireside. Tell others of the abundant reading pleasure offered by these inspired and inspiring publications. Share them through gift subscriptions. You could not send a finer token of friendship into a Christian home.

HEARTHSTONE was born only last October. But it has already won a place of high regard among Christian homemakers. Turn its pages, and what do you see? Child guidance hints that for parents are alone worth the subscription price . . . games and hobbies providing endless delight for the youngsters . . . unique housekeeping ideas . . . aids to family worship . . . book and music reviews . . . swiftly paced and intriguing fiction.

This versatile magazine is painstakingly designed for the broad reading needs of the Christian home. It is finding an ever warmer welcome in households large and small. Single copy, 25 cents. Yearly subscription, \$2.50. In quantities of five or more sent to the same address, 60 cents each per quarter.

Write for samples or include in your next order of supplies.